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## S P A I N   A N D   E R I N .

B Y

EDWARD MATURIN,

AUTHOR OF "MONTEZUMA," "EVA," ETC., ETC.



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Miss. 3 July, 1850.

TO  
MISS HAINES,  
TWENTIETH STREET,  
NEW YORK.

MADAM,

RECEIVE my thanks for your acceptance of the following pages. Their demerits may, in the eyes of our common friends, be atoned by the privilege of your name; which, though it guarantee not the excellence of the work, affords yet ample testimony to the kindness of your heart.

I have the honor to be,

Madam,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*New York, Oct., 1850.*



## TO THE READER.

I HAVE nothing to say in the shape of Preface ; nor, had I, do I think the Public would trouble itself therewith. They are generally masses of egotism, or meant as palliatives for faults, were better left to the ingenuity of the Reader, a function he is seldom slow in exercising. For the former I have no personalities to communicate, and for the latter, I am as unwilling to deprecate censure, if deserved, as to solicit unmerited praise.

It may serve to propitiate Critics, *soi disant* and otherwise, to inform them that the majority of the volume has undergone what may be termed the *cobweb-prolation* of Horace, the glorious *Novennium* of shelf and silence.



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# SPANISH BALLADS.

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## THE DESTRUCTION OF NUMANTIA.

[The Spanish Chronicler says: "The invasion of the French is so fresh in the memory, that it is sufficient to say, the inhabitants of Zaragossa imitated the desperate example of Numantia against Scipio."

Monti, in his tragedy of Caio Gracco, alludes thus to Scipio, and the bitter extremities of want and suffering experienced by the Numantians: "Rememb'rest thou not the fell work of the destroyer (Scipio), and the famine of Numantia, which blackened and cursed our name throughout the world?"]

WITH haughty Rome's unconquered band, that ne'er  
knew flight or fear,  
To desolate Iberia's land with fire, and sword, and spear,  
The conqueror of Carthage goes, in Afric's field re-  
nowned,  
To win for Rome, Numantia, or raze her to the ground.

No sooner, then, his warrior-men, with sword and  
buckler bright,  
In war-array, at break of day, in glittering armor dight,  
Were marshalled on the grassy plain by Darro's golden  
water,\*  
Than Scipio thus aroused his men to deeds of blood  
and slaughter :

“Soldiers ! the banners that ye bear are emblems of the  
Day ;  
Rome's haughty eagle flies where'er is felt its genial  
ray—  
May the shouts of Roman triumph sustain her as she  
flies,  
To make her bright pavilion in the depths of yonder  
skies !

“Remember, that to-day ye fight to gain a brighter  
name  
Than e'er was set by Glory yet upon the scroll of  
Fame !  
Remember, that the deeds of war shall live to future  
years ;

\* This river (an abbreviation of the Spanish *DE oro*) derives its name from the tradition that its sands were golden.



The victor ! the triumphal car ! the captive chained in  
tears !”

Nor heard these men their leader, then, impatient for  
the fray ;

For eager cries did rend the skies, and cleave the vault  
of day :

“To arms ! to arms !” from left to right, from right to  
left, they cry—

The spear upon the shield they smite, and raise their  
banners high.

The Numantine in serried line, as he looks from his  
guarded tower,

And sees advance with targe and lance the might of  
Roman power,

Resolves to make the tented field the proud Numan-  
tian’s grave,

Ere Spain to Roman sword should yield, or crouch as  
Roman slave !

No bread they have for famished life within those  
’leaguered walls ;

She bares her breast, the fearless wife, and ’fore her  
husband falls ;

She quails not at the naked knife, and with her babe,  
she prays—

Death from the arm which guarded her from wrong in  
other days.

They build a blazing fire, the while, and in their  
strong despair,

Resolve to make that flame the pile of all that's rich  
and fair ;

In low, but sternest voice they cry, that pale but iron  
band :

"THAT day shall rather see them die, than Spain a  
conquered land !"

Th' exulting Romans, heedless then of what was done  
or said

Amid that ghastly troop of men, resolved, and un-  
dismayed :

"To arms ! to arms !" from left to right, from right to  
left, they cry ;

The spear upon the shield they smite, and raise their  
banners high.

## RODERICK AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE painted bird forgets his lay, and folds his wings in  
rest,  
Faded the amber light of day, and gloom is in the  
West;  
The earth in solemn silence hears the murmur of the  
wave,  
As its watery tribute on it bears, to make the sea its  
grave.

Dimly shines the evening star, like the fair bride of  
night,  
Sailing in her pearly car o'er waves of misty light;  
And scarce, I ween, the moon is seen through rack and  
drifting cloud,  
For the storm hath wrapped the midnight sky in a pale  
and dismal shroud.

And who is he, o'er mount and vale, who wends his  
weary way—  
Worn his weeds, his cheek is pale, and hair in dis-  
array?

Rodrigo, from the bloody plain of Jerez takes his flight,  
To shun the heaps of his thousands slain—for a King a  
sorry sight !

And he hath ta'en a sad disguise on that drear and  
lonely way—

Weeds that a Palmer would not prize, so torn and bare  
are they ;

No jewelled crown upon his head—no sceptre doth he  
hold ;

But poor and tattered robes instead of purple and of  
gold.

What soldier now could recognise the King he once  
adored ?

Oh ! who could think that tattered guise concealed a  
kingly sword ?

Where are the glittering gems that shone in victory's  
bright day—

Gems that the Goths themselves had won from foes as  
strong as they ?

Many a dint his armor bears, and many a crimson  
stain

Upon its polished face appears—the blood of Moorish  
slain ;

With blood and dust his face was smeared—his head in  
thought was bent ;  
The triumph of that luckless day was the reed on which  
he leant !

Through vale and plain, with slackened rein, Orelia bears  
him on ;

His courser true, that weary day, master and steed  
alone !

With weary limb and lightless eye, with faint and  
drooping head,

Orelia trod the midnight-way, unknowing where it led.

Sad images the horseman's eye at every step assail,  
Anon he hears the Moorish cry, anon the Christian wail ;  
He dares not look to Heaven, for there God speaks in  
every tone ;

He dares not look to earth—alas ! that earth is not his  
own !

That land is now another's—and he has nor crown  
nor throne ;

He throws with pride the tear aside, and stifles every  
groan.

“ Wo ! wo betide the hour,” he cried, “ I first felt  
passion's fires—

Wo worth the day I fell a prey to love's accurst desires !

"'Twas not the part of Gothic King his people to  
bewray

For the deadly wile of woman's smile, or her eyes'  
deceitful ray.

Where is my kingdom's glory gone, and where my  
people's trust?

Where are my sceptre and my throne? All trampled  
to the dust!

"And Cava!—thou fair enemy; thou Helena of Spain!  
Oh would to God that I were blind ere I had worn thy  
chain;

But in thy beauty slept the fire the flint within it bears;  
Our luckless passion now, alas! can scarce be quenched  
by tears.

"Would, Julian, that thy dagger's point—foul traitor  
that thou art!—

Had found its way through harness-joint, and pierced my  
very heart!

The swarthy hordes of Afric's land o'erspread our hills  
and plains—

I would the fragment of this brand could rend thy  
traitor's veins!"

He bowed his head upon his breast—his words were low  
and faint—

His lips in agony were prest to the image of his saint ;\*  
The weary steed to earth fell dead ! The knight full  
sore he weeps—

Upon the sward he makes his bed, and vigil sad he  
keeps.

And ever from his lips there fell a prayer for conquered  
Spain,

That God would smite the Infidel, and break his  
country's chain ;

And oft amid the ling'ring night he'd gaze upon his  
steed,

Dream o'er again the Moorish fight, and Orelia's arrowy  
speed.

\* The Goths were Christians.—*Vide Sismondi's " Histoire du Midi."*

## LAMENT OF RODERICK IN THE GARDEN.

AMID the garden's clust'ring beds, where rose and lily  
pale  
Shroud, tremblingly, their dewy heads, 'neath ev'ning's  
dusky veil,  
The throneless King Rodrigo strays, while thought with  
magic wand  
Conjures bright dreams of other days, when the Goth  
ruled o'er the land.

The sparkle of the fountain bright falls darkly on his  
eye;  
The murmur of its meteor-flight, on his heart sank  
heavily;  
The rose hath lost her damask hue—all withered is her  
leaf;  
And the lily, 'tis the emblem true, of Rod'rick's pallid  
grief.

Bright hues, in clusters, 'round were spread to glad the  
gazer's eye;  
Nature's bright hand around had shed a flowered  
galaxy;



But evening waved her shadowy wand o'er every  
    flow'ret's breast,  
And lulled, as by a mother's hand, they closed their  
    leaves in rest.

His hurried step betrayed the thought, repentance'  
    keenest pang ;  
In solitude, the Goth had sought to blunt her poisoned  
    fang ;—  
He leaned in sadness 'gainst a tree, its boughs of leaves  
    were bare,  
And with a broken voice spake he, in accents of  
    despair.

“Lo ! every plague beneath the heaven, within this  
    breast hath found  
Its darkened home, by vengeance given, to rend each  
    gaping wound ;  
The elements themselves conspire, for water dims the  
    eye ;  
Within my breast's a raging fire, and air begets the  
    sigh.

“The earth alone hath mercy shown—her terrors are  
    concealed,  
For in the tomb, that darkened home, Life's fountains  
    are congealed ;

And with meteor-speed the hour of Fate comes upon  
friend and foe,  
And stilled is the burning pulse of Hate, in icy realms  
below.

“These odors sweet, that float and stray, as they heaven-  
ward take their flight,  
Like incense laid by dying Day on the altar of the  
Night,  
Are linked with tearful memory of hours for ever fled ;  
Those flowers have grown beneath *thine* eye, and now,  
alas ! they’re dead !

“In every faded rose, I seek that bright and blushing  
bloom,  
That, Cava, once adorned thy cheek, dark signet of my  
doom !  
And vainly strive in each to trace the memory of thee,  
Whose image Time shall ne’er erase, how long soe’er it  
be.

“Hard as the mountain-rock, the tree whose trunk  
supports me now ;  
Silent its leafy melody, and withered every bough ;  
But, Cava, harder far art thou than rock or agéd tree—  
The very life-blood of this heart hath been, traitress,  
shed by thee !

## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

ALPHONZO sate in his castle-hall, his knights on either  
hand ;  
His warriors and nobles all held each his naked brand :  
A stern and haughty suitor stood before the monarch's  
throne,  
And, while his brow was flushed with blood, 'twas thus  
the knight spake on :—

“ Within the walls of yonder tower in chains my father  
lies ;  
Thou'st shut the sunny day for aye in darkness on his  
eyes ;  
Thou'st palsied strength of heart and limb by the weight  
of the deadly chain ;  
And the youth, that was light and joy to him, hath  
closed in gloom and pain !

“ Senseless we deem the stones that guard the captive's  
dungeon deep ;  
Pity, within their bosoms hard, is locked in icy sleep ;—  
And yet upon these senseless stones grief writes *her*  
sacred sign ;

THEY hear my father's sighs and groans—Foul tyrant !  
*where are thine ?*

“The bloom of youth was on his brow—its light was in  
his eye ;  
But both, alas ! are faded now, by long captivity :  
Bright and flowing was his hair, like noon-day's golden  
light ;  
But Time hath set his signet there, and Age hath made  
them white.

“The blood that warms my father's veins, Alphonzo  
holds in scorn ;  
The flesh that moulders in his chains, he deems it lowly  
born ;  
Yet 'twas *that* foul and worthless blood that nerved  
Bernardo's heart,  
When in the blaze of fight he stood, and dared the  
Frankish dart.

“When Charlemagne his steel-clad horde marched  
proudly through thy realm,  
Who was the first to draw the sword, and who to brace  
the helm ?  
Bernardo boldly took the field, with Leon's knightly band,  
Seized his broad and burnished shield, and bared his  
battle-brand.

“When civil discord’s lawless rage swept through the  
    realm of Spain,  
Dyed deep with blood her virgin page, and forged thy  
    country’s chain,—  
Upon the instant, out there flew, from every slumbering  
    sheath,  
Swords, that, baptized in life’s warm dew, were stained  
    with its last breath.

“I am thy sister’s son, false king ! Bernardo’s blood is  
    thine !  
It were a foul and shameless thing that King Alphonzo’s  
    line  
Should bear upon his ’scutcheon bright the bastard’s  
    lowly stain—  
The son demands the father’s right, or vengeance upon  
    Spain !

“Nay, flush not thus thy haughty brow—I fear nor  
    threat nor death !  
Though arméd men be ’round thee now, I tell thee in  
    thy teeth—  
The frozen heart and the whitened head of the old man  
    now in chains  
Shall, traitor ! strew thy path with dead, and the blood  
    of Castilian veins !”

## BERNARDO'S FATHER.

"ERE yet the beard of manhood's growth had left its  
darkened track,  
Thou swor'st, false king ! a perjured oath, to give my  
father back ;—  
To free my prisoned sire for aye from dungeon and from  
chain ;  
Yet, though I sue thee day on day, my hopes, my  
prayers, are vain !

"Thy curse was on his bridal-hour, when he thy sister  
wed ;  
The convent was thy sister's dower ; the cell *his* bridal-  
bed :  
Nor convent-walls nor dungeon-chains can alter nature's  
line—  
The blood that warms *Bernardo's* veins is, traitor ! also  
*thine !*

"Say, he was rebel to the throne ;—the crime he's paid  
with years ;  
His pillow's now the dungeon-stone, his bread thou'st  
steeped with tears !

But no ! not treason to thy land did deadly vengeance  
move,  
And kindle hate's undying brand—'*Twas that he dared  
to love !*

"Alphonzo ! freedom hast thou sworn my sire, upon thy  
sword—  
Let not thy subjects hold in scorn a knight's—a monarch's word ;  
For never yet was falsehood known her slimy path to  
trace,  
Where stood the monarch's sacred throne, or flush a  
soldier's face !

"Bernardo men 'a coward' call—'tis false as hell the  
word ;  
The champion of Roncevalles ne'er feared to draw his  
sword.  
I dare the liars ! By the rood ! Bernardo's true and leal,  
To write the falsehood in the blood of *any* in Castile !

"My sire for thee in bloody strife hath many a battle won ;  
For thee, false king ! Bernardo's life hath many a peril  
run.  
Shame ! shame upon thy guerdon foul ! my father hast  
thou ta'en—

Tremble, traitor ! for by my soul, this blade thy heart  
shall drain !

“ Ten thousand curses on the sword that fought for thee  
and thine !

Curst be the breath that gave the word to Spain's  
embattled line !

The brand of craven's on my brow—its curse is on my  
heart,

To leave a *sire* in dungeon low, yet face a *foeman's* dart !”

Then spake Alphonze :—“ A monarch's faith is true as  
lover's token :

Sir knight, fear not thy father's death, his chain shall  
soon be broken ;

Or ere to-morrow's sun shall rise o'er steeple, hill, and  
tower,

The old man's form shall glad thine eyes, free from  
Alphonzo's power.”

The king his solemn vow he kept, which he had made  
that day ;

Deceit within his bosom slept, to murder and betray :  
His bloody 'hest the soldiers bear to the dungeon lone  
and drear—

The trembling old man's eyes they tear from their dull  
and lightless sphere.



## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO TO HIS ARMY.

THE stoutest lances at his side that ever fought for  
Spain,

Bernardo's rallied far and wide 'gainst haughty Charle-  
magne ;

In iron phalanx on they go, in rest is every lance ;—  
Their leader is Del Carpio—their enemy is France !

Alphonso, traitor to his throne, hath sought for Frankish  
aid,

And France hath to his summons flown, and bared her  
every blade ;

And foul the price the king hath paid for the hire of  
Frankman's blood :

His sires' soil he hath betrayed—the soil whereon they  
stood !

Weary with march the glittering train, ere the bright  
sun goes down,

Halt in the middle of a plain two leagues from Leon's  
town ;

Bernardo raised his visor up, surveyed his army then,

And while he spake, no sound there brake from that line  
of steel-clad men.

“Sons of Leon! ye who prize a warrior’s name and  
glory,  
Whose valiant deeds of high emprise shall live in  
Spanish story—  
Warriors! ye, whose every vein with noblest blood is  
fed,  
Shall Leon wear the Frankman’s chain, or fear her blood  
to shed?

“Within yon’ band no craven hearts palsy the swords  
ye bear;  
Your breasts defy the Frankish darts—then where-  
fore should ye fear?  
The strife is for our king and throne—then onward:  
God looks down!  
With ye I stake my life upon the honor of the crown!

“The land your Christian fathers swayed for many a  
year of old,  
Shall *it* to France be now betrayed, through fear, or  
love of gold?  
Your lives are on this mighty stake as heroes brave and  
leal:

Rise, Leonese ! your fetters break, nor fear the Frankish  
steel !

“ Will *ye* consent that stranger blood should forge the  
griding chain—

That France should pour old Leon's blood o'er Leon's  
blooming plain—

That to-morrow's sun should rise upon your sons in  
bondage led ?

This sacred soil to France a spoil, for which our fathers  
bled ?

“ Shall your bucklers, broad and bright, forget the sign  
they bear

Blazoned on their breasts of might—THE LION in his  
lair ?

Shall the haughty LION yield his place to the pallid  
*fleur de lis* ?

Shall Leon's sons *her* arms erase for Frankish blazonry ?

“ For many a year this land so fair in peace your fathers  
swayed ;

Freedom's foundations with their blood and valor have  
they laid ;

Stout Leonese ! it cannot be, that the terrors of a day  
Should blot from every memory their toils and blood  
away !

“Where are those craven hearts that fear to bite the  
ground in death ?

Remember, Leon’s banners ne’er were fanned by cow-  
ard’s breath !

We ask not of them sword or lance ; we ask alone the  
brave,

To stem the iron-tide of France, or make old Spain their  
grave !”

He vaulted on his steed, and plunged the rowels in his  
side,

And dashed away with fiery speed, as shafts from bowmen  
glide ;

“Leal knights and true ! your coursers spur !” his voice  
rose on the breeze,

“Shall the *Lion* quail before the cur ? ’Fore France the  
Leonese ?”

## THE VENGEANCE OF MUDARRAZ.

COUNT GONZALEZ CORDOVA leaves, and straight to Salas  
goes ;  
Within that fortress strong he grieves for years of count-  
less woes,  
With pain he ransacks mem'ry's stores, revives his  
wrongs afresh,  
And rends again Time's half-closed sores,\* as pincers tear  
the flesh.

"Oh ! blasted trunk ; of every leaf bare and decayed  
art thou !  
O'er me hath passed the storm of grief, as the tempest  
strips the bough ;  
There's not a single blossom left to mark where once it  
stood,  
Alike of bough and foliage 'reft : a curse is on my  
blood ?

"I once had seven noble sons ;—but they are dead and  
gone—

\* "The flesh will follow where the pincers tear."—*Young's "Revenge."*

Curst be the hand that laid them low, and left me here  
alone !

There's one—but one is left me yet ; I would *he* too  
were dead ;

His craven-falchion ne'er he'll wet, nor a foeman's blood  
he'll shed.

“For bastard blood his veins doth warm ;—his is the  
coward's part ;

Nor knightly strength is in his arm, nor valor in his  
heart ;

E'en though his hoary sire were dead, no loyal son I  
have

A prayer to say, a tear to shed, upon my lonely grave !

“My murdered sons ! how oft ye rise in the midnight  
lone and deep,

When your agéd father's sleepless eyes their sorrowing  
vigils keep ;

Anon I seem to clasp each form ;—anon it takes its  
flight !

Your necks, with life-blood dripping warm, assail my  
aching sight !”

“Can the weary captive break his chain ? Can he his  
wrongs redeem ?

Can he revenge the bitter pain that shades Life's holy  
stream ?

No ! no, my sons ! The God who gave ye life will yet  
atone

Your wrongs in your foeman's bloody grave ;—your  
death—your dying groan.

“ Would God I'd died in Moorish land ; for now, were  
past my pain—

They would have used the naked brand, but never bound  
the chain ;

But now I stand amid mine own ;—shame on their  
Christian faith !

*Christians !* what mercy have they shown ?—a slow and  
painful death !”

Such sad and wailing accents rise from the captive in  
despair ;

He presses now his streaming eyes—anon he rends his  
hair ;

When, on a sudden, he descries a knight in full career,  
’Tis a Moorish knight ! his pennon flies, and glanceth  
bright his spear—

He sees the dim and half-orbed moon upon his rounded  
shield

Pillowed on piles of fleecy clouds ; the ground, its azure  
field,

And, wrought in letters of pure gold, upon its breast  
appears—

*“Lost one ! I go to find thee, tho’ I brave a thousand  
spears !”*

Upon his lance a streamer bright spreads far its snowy  
sheen ;

Inscribed upon a ground of white, it bears a cross of  
green ;

While dangles from his saddle-bow a head that drips  
with blood,—

It is the head of a Christian foe, who hath his lance  
withstood.

Still on the knight, in full career, presseth with breathless  
speed,

In rest he holds his slanted spear, and spurs his gallant  
steed ;

At the dungeon-grate he quickly reins, and to his father  
cries :

*“Sire ! here is vengeance for thy chains, and the tears  
that dim thine eyes !”*

*“Here, father ! is Velasquez’ head—thy seven sons he  
slew—*



I swore that I'd avenge the dead, though I the blow  
should rue—

*I am thy bastard son, my Lord!*    Revenge thou did'st  
not deem,

Could ever gild the *bastard's* sword, or his heart's  
polluted stream!"

---

THE BANNER OF THE CID.

WITHIN San Pedro's blesséd walls the Cid in prayer is bent,  
Midnight in solemn silence falls o'er ev'ry monument ;  
And dimly doth the waning light fall on the Champion  
brave,  
So dim, the warrior seems a sprite fresh risen from the  
grave !

The suppliant still kneels in prayer : the carvéd saints  
they stand  
Like spectres wrought in silent air, from a far and  
shadowy land ;  
The holy cross before him stands, the Saviour's bleeding  
brow,

While the kneeling knight with claspéd hand renews  
his holy vow !

The Cid hath chosen well his part, in humble prayer to  
kneel,  
For God doth better shield the heart in war, than mail  
of steel ;  
He, who in battle's peril bears the Christian's holy faith,  
Tho' thousands be his foes, ne'er fears to die a soldier's  
death !

Now swells the organ's solemn peal—bends ev'ry casque  
and cowl,  
The Abbot and the monks they kneel and speed the  
parting soul—  
Upon the cross their eyes they bend,—full many a bead  
they tell,  
That the Cid their banner may defend against the  
Infidel.

Bivar then raised the banner high before that kneeling  
line,  
While solemnly was bent each eye on the Saviour's holy  
sign ;  
He kissed the banner's drooping fold that round him  
fell in shade,

Undid his mantle's clasp of gold, and kneeling, thus he  
prayed !

“ Cross of God ! that o'er us waves, bright emblem of  
our faith !

Thy shadow rest upon our graves, and fan our dying  
breath ;

Thy symbol soothe the closing lid, and dry death's icy  
tear,

Thy sacred fold enwrap the cold upon the warrior's bier !

“ Blest banner of my country, come ! the trump of  
battle calls—

The heart of knighthood be thine home ! Thy shrine,  
these sainted walls ;

Castilian bands enfold thee now, that Death alone can  
sever—

Upon my soul there lies a vow, to die or guard thee  
ever !

“ Alphonso's ear hath been betrayed by traitors false and  
foul,

Their lying breath *may* stain my blade, but cannot touch  
my *soul* !

When knights and vassals thus are paid for the blood  
that they have shed,

*Who* would worship glory's shade, or make her field his  
bed?

"King! thou hast heard the Syren sing—there's death  
in every tone,  
'Tis the sweep of the vulture's sable wing that echoes  
Death's last groan;  
Thou'st banished me from country—home—from all I  
love below—  
No garlands e'er shall deck my tomb, nor laurel weave  
my brow!

"Now God forefend! that luckless hours my country  
should befall,  
That a foeman's flag should man her towers—a foeman's  
sword her wall!  
May conquest never cease to tread through Spain's  
heroic land;  
May the casque be braced to every head, and the  
sword on every hand!

"I love thee, Spain! Dear land, farewell! I dare not  
disobey—  
To foes, for thee, my blood I'd sell! For thee, myself  
would slay!  
Before God's holy men I swear, whom kneeling round I  
see,

In battle, all I do or dare, dear Spain, shall be for thee !”

Then pealed “Te Deum” through the shrine—the monks  
the beads they told,  
The Abbot marked the holy sign upon the banner’s fold.  
The Cid then took the banner back with proud and  
flashing eye,  
And forth on Babieca rode—to conquer or to die !

---

#### THE FORAY OF THE CID.

FIVE hundred knights of old Castille have followed  
De Bivar  
To brave with him, through woe and weal, the perils of  
the war ;—  
They halted in a spacious plain for meal and midday rest,  
When the Cid, he checked his courser’s rein, and thus  
his host addressed—

“ Brave knights and soldiers ! now’s the day, and now  
the hour hath come :

Anon ye'll see the Crescent play, and hear the Moorish  
drum !

Down from yon' mountains *let* them pour, as foams the  
fierce cascade :

Fear not ! *I* am El Campeador ! Behold Tizona's blade !

" Ye are Hidalgos ! Shall your blood be water for their  
spears ?

Shall Moorish dogs rend ye for food as the kite his  
carrion tears ?

Shall every brow that flusheth now with soldiers' honest  
hate

Turn pale with fear, soon as ye hear\* the Moor is at the  
gate ?

" No, by my soul ! Hidalgos, no ! Pride flusheth every  
cheek

† Deeply as sunset stains the snow upon the Alpine  
peak !

Remember, knights, we banished are from the dear land  
of Spain,

But bear in mind that bold Bivar will soon wash out the  
stain !

\* What, ho—Alonze ! The Moor is at the gate !—*The Revenge.*

† The blush of earth embracing with her heaven.—*Manfred.*

“I wear a corslet, but the foe can pierce it through and  
through ;  
Will *ye* refuse, Hidalgos—no !—to be my armor, too ?  
With honor such as yours, and swords to shield Rodrigo’s  
heart,  
I challenge Afric’s fiery hordes—I spurn the Moorish  
dart !”

He said, and sheathed his giant-blade—The marching  
word was given—  
The banners played—the trumpets brayed—their echoes  
rose to Heaven—  
On—on in gorgeous train they ride with arméd breast  
and heel ;  
In iron phalanx side by side—The Champions of  
Castille !

Now far and wide through Moorish land, like a tempest  
fierce, they broke,  
The Moslem quailed before his brand, and bowed beneath  
his yoke !  
The brightness of the Crescent wanes—broken the  
scymitar !  
Who leads the Moorish king in chains ?—Rodrigo de  
Bivar !

But Conquest piles her golden store within Valencia's  
walls,  
The banners of El Campeador bedeck her lonely halls !  
Two hundred steeds ; an hundred Moors—the bravest in  
the land,  
Stand ranged before Rodrigo's doors, and wait the Cid's  
command !

King, slaves and steeds the Cid hath sent as tribute from  
his sword  
(For though he fought in banishment, Alphonse was still  
his Lord) ;  
Each slave, he bears an iron key—the barbs wear  
jewelled reins,  
And the glowing blood of Araby swells high within  
their veins !



BERMUDEZ' APPEAL TO THE SONS-IN-LAW  
OF THE CID ON THE POINT OF FLIGHT.

“DRAW, Hidalgos! draw your swords! On high the  
red cross wave!  
Ere yield an inch to Afric's hordes, be the battle-field  
your grave!  
Plunge deep the spear—Slack not the rein—\* Let the  
hand toil round the spear!  
And when Glory comes to count her slain, let her pile  
her altar *here*!

“What! at the sight of a turban-fold will the hearts of  
Christians quail?  
What are their purple, gems and gold, to the stout old  
Spanish mail?  
A darker brand *his* brow shall bear, than first was  
stamped on Cain,  
Whose craven cheek shall pale with fear, or recreant  
prove to Spain.

“Hidalgo-blood in every vein, yet nerveless every brand!

\* This expression is borrowed from Homer.

Bow, Slaves! Bow down! The Moorish chain is  
forged for every hand!

Fathers were heroes, once, to fame; but now the sons *ye*  
have

Would blush to own a father's name, or tread a father's  
grave!

"Ye cravens, turn! Wheel every steed! Back to  
Valencia! back!

Be the lightning-wing your courser's speed; its fury be  
their track:

If scymitar and turban fright Hidalgo and Alcaide,

By heaven! for every Spanish knight I'd choose a  
Spanish maid!

"The Cid his true and stalwart sword to both of ye  
bequeathed;

Full many a vein that blade must drain, ere well it can  
be sheathed;

Ye *say* ye are Hidalgos—Shame! I swear by Pedro's  
shrine

I'd blush to bear your father's name an ye were sons of  
mine!

"'Mid dames and gentles well ye move, in tourney or in  
dance;

Better ye suit the bowers of love than harness, targe, or  
lance:

Wipe out that deep and burning stain would dim your  
warrior-crown;

Forward! and trample to the plain yon' dogs of false  
Mahoun."

---

THE CID'S FAREWELL.

SHOULD the God of battles lay me low in the field  
whereto I'm bound,

Should I fall beneath the Moorish foe, and bite, in death,  
the ground;

Ximena! let thy husband's grave be in San Pedro's  
shrine—

Above me let no banner wave, save Jesus' holy sign!

"I charge thee let no woman's tear bewail thy husband  
dead;

Let warrior-hands, upon the bier, compose my pillowed  
head;

I would not have my soldiers weep upon their leader's  
pall,

Nor grief her lightless vigil keep, where'er I chance to  
fall !

“ As knight of Christ, I charge thee yet, should sorrow  
dim thy lid,

Let not the hordes of Mahomet see thee weeping for the  
Cid ;

I charge thee, further, by the sword Bivar in battle  
wore,

Let it not own a second Lord, or fell another Moor !

“ It may be that my gallant steed, with loose and  
dangling rein

(True as e'er served a knight at need, or trod the soil of  
Spain),

May stand without his master's gate, with low and  
drooping head,

And the empty saddle where I sat, will tell thee—I am  
dead !

“ Open the gate, as though I yet bestrode my courser  
brave,

And pr'ythee let his bones be laid within his master's  
grave ;

For they who've fought in bloody field should still be  
one in death—

The spear should lie upon the shield, and the sword  
within its sheath.

“Soon as the parting soul is sped, and leaves to earth  
her spoil,

Ximena, thou anoint my head with myrrh and holy  
oil ;

Then buckle harness on my breast, and helmet on my  
head,

And leave Bivar to take his rest among Spain's gallant  
dead !”



#### THE CÍD'S PENNON.

BIVAR and his three hundred knights, Hidalgos brave of  
Spain,

Look down from Alcozero's heights, upon the battle-  
plain ;

The turbaned Moslems press and throng around on  
every side,

Like a river of steel that rolls along in the might of its  
wintry tide.

The steeds, they neigh, the banners play ! Flasheth the  
polished steel !

The scymitar is bared for war ! The gongs and trumpets  
peal !

The Moslem gazeth on the tower with a wild and fearful  
glare ;—

The Christians dare not face that power, nor brave the  
thousands there !

'Twas then Minaya thus addressed th' Hidalgos, leal  
and brave ;—

“Fear not ! Your banners have been blest, that o'er  
your helmets wave ;

From Leon, many a weary mile, the Cid your host hath  
led ;—

On yonder plain let Slaughter pile her heaps of Moslem  
dead !

“The caged lion turns and tears the foes that wound  
him sore—

Fear *ye* to face the Moslem spears with the brave El  
Campeador ?

Burst from your prison, Leonese ! Rend ev'ry bolt and  
bar !

Let your broad pennon flout\* the breeze! Our leader's  
De Bivar!"

Then doffed the Cid his casque, and said, "Minaya,  
brave thy word!

Ere falleth even's russet-shade,† we'll scatter yonder  
horde!

Castille should never blush to have warriors brave as  
thou;—

Sons, who'd as gladly hail the grave, as laurels on their  
brow!

"Forth! Show the Moslem on yon plains, whose  
crescent brightly gleams,

The blood, that thro' Castilian veins, doth flow in  
burning streams,—

Show them in battle's bright career, 'tis honor leads ye  
on;

*That* honor, still, shall deck your bier, your fathers  
wooded and won!

"Show them your fathers feared not death and their  
sons are *now* as brave,

Show them that Triumph's holy breath yet flutters o'er  
their grave!

\* Flout the skies.—*Shakspeare*.

† But see the morn, in russet mantle clad, &c.—*Hamlet*.

'Tis not the part of Spanish knight, 'till Conquest come,  
to die ;—  
'Till with crimson-wing she fan the fight, like eagle from  
on high !"

He said, and to the doughty knight, Bermudez, true and  
bold,  
He gave in charge his pennon bright ; the Lion marked  
its fold !  
" Hidalgo ! clasp it to thine heart, whether thou fight  
or flee,  
Be it sooner rent by Moslem dart, than ever torn from  
thee !"

" Brave Cid !" the mailéd warrior said, " thy streamer  
now is mine !  
In triumph o'er each Moor shall tread the Lion's  
dauntless sign,—  
This Lion, Cid ! by heaven ! I swear, as Pedro wears a  
sword,  
Shall make, this day, his bloody lair amid yon' turbaned  
horde !"

He seized the flag ; and, like the light of morn o'er hill  
and vale,  
Headlong spurred the Spanish knight—The shafts,  
they sped like hail,—



“Come on, Hidalgos, ev’ry one ! your Lion tramps the  
breeze !  
We’ll have, by heav’n ! ere set of sun, ten Moors for a  
Leonese !”

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## BABIECA.

FORTH from the seat of Gothic power, marches the bold  
Bivar,  
And halts beneath Valencia’s tower, his own by right of  
war ;  
Nine hundred cavaliers, who wait upon their gallant  
lord,  
Thunder at Valencia’s gate with dagger, hilt and sword.  
  
And ’mid the troop, with naked heads, two knights in  
armor dight,  
The war-steed, Babieca, led, with eye of flashing light ;—  
“Open, good King, your palace-doors ; a soldier stands  
without,  
Whose stalwart arm hath crushed the Moors !”—’Twas  
thus Bivar spake out.

Bar and bolt asunder fly—the iron gate gives way ;  
Move on the gallant companie, in plume and war-array.  
Rodrigo sees a gallant throng surround their monarch's  
throne,  
And in the midst, his braves among, Alphonzo stands  
alone.

“Alphonze ! behold a champion kneel who never knelt  
before !”

Thus spake Rodrigo of Castille, the brave El Campeador ;—

“I come not here to challenge thee to tourney, joust  
or fight ;

But 'fore thee prove my loyalty as true and honest  
knight.

“I have a steed, a better never hath charged where  
banners fly ;

His speed like arrow from the quiver, or meteor from  
the sky.

I pray thee, King ! receive this boon as thine for battle's  
tide ;

Fear not the crescent of Mahoun if thou my steed  
bestride.

“Lest thou shouldst deem my speech a boast, my  
praises false and vain,

King! come with thy gallant host, and view him on the  
plain;  
Thou'lt see him pliant to my hand as 'neath a silken  
rein;  
Come, King, and gentles of the land, gallants, and  
knights of Spain!"

Bivar now vaults upon his steed, arméd from neck to heel;  
The trumpet sounds, the courser bounds, as he feels the  
rowelled steel;  
With wingéd feet and waving mane, with poised and  
shimmering spear,  
Champion and steed, they skirr the plain, as though  
they rode on air.

Lo! ev'ry gallant's eye is bent on Babiéca's speed,  
Alphonzo stands in wonderment if he be sprite or steed;—  
But Silence severs soon her chain—bursts forth a cry of  
fear—  
For the furious steed hath rent the rein that checked his  
mad career!

The champion moves not as he flings the broken rein  
aside,  
But with the dangling fragment tries the maddened  
barb to guide;—

Still, still they fly, as on lightning-wing, from a cloud of  
darkness freed,  
When suddenly, before the King, he checks his panting  
steed.

"King, he is thine!" Rodrigo cried, as he lighted on the  
plain ;

"A monarch's hand *my* steed should guide, a monarch  
hold his rein !"

"Foul shame it were," Alphonse replied, "that man save  
thee, Bivar,

Should spur so true a courser's side, when blows the  
blast of war."

## ALPHONZO'S OATH.

WITHIN an old and Gothic pile the lamps with faintness  
    beamed,  
While round and down the vaulted aisle the Spanish  
    banner streamed,  
And from the altar, rose the while, the incense' rich  
    perfume,  
As though religion told her rites around a soldier's  
    tomb.

The altar round, on bended knee, throng many a casquéd  
    head,  
The monks they tell their beads full well, and many a  
    prayer is sped;  
A sword upon the altar lies, a cross-bow made of  
    wood,  
While to hear Alphonzo's oath, the Cid in silence stood.

“Rodrigo, think not I am loath, in face of sword and  
    chain;  
Nay, before God to make my oath, the King I have not  
    slain;

Anointed blood shall never smear a true Hidalgo's  
sword,  
Dishonor ne'er shall crown his spear, nor treachery his  
word.

"Asturia's hardy mountaineer, with slow and stealthy  
pace,\*  
His livid brow, bedewed with fear, as ghastly as his  
face,  
The traitor's dagger *might* conceal beneath a courtier's  
air;  
But not a *knight* in all Castille so foul a deed would dare.

"Rail not on me—thy charge is vain—Rodrigo de  
Bivar!  
'Tis true, my foemen have I slain, but in the ranks of  
war;  
By all the mailed forms I swear, that round the altar  
kneel,  
To prove this dastard charge, I dare the bravest in  
Castille!"

Pale was his brow, but flashed with fire his dark and  
kindling eye—

\* With stealthy pace, and Tarquin's ravishing strides.—*Macbeth*.

Trembled his livid lips with ire, as thunders shake the sky.  
"I give thee pardon, knight," he said, "though thy speech  
doth wound me sore,"

And, as he spake, his hand he laid upon El Campeador.

"Nay, offer not thy hand to me," exclaimed the Cid  
aloud ;

"Once thou did'st claim my fealty, but my knee I never  
bowed.

No King I know, no worship owe,\* save my good sword  
and war ;

Kings never made before them kneel Rodrigo de Bivar !"

Alphonso then with passion shook ; his brow and cheek  
were pale ;

"Think'st thou such language I will brook from one in  
casque and mail ?

Had another spoken thus, my spear had pierced him  
where he stood.

Thee, Cid, I banish for a year—I covet not thy blood !"

"By Heaven ! good King, it likes me well," replied  
El Campeador ;

\* The older writers transfer to "owe," the sense of "own :"—

"You make me strange,  
Even to the disposition that I owe."—*Macbeth*.—*Et passim*.

"I bid your banners long farewell;—your bidding  
wounds me sore;

A single year thou'st banished me—the crime deserveth  
more—

Bivar demands not liberty till years expire four!"

With that he turned upon his heel, and left the King  
alone—

No champion now in all Castille so brave to guard its  
throne.

Each brave Hidalgo followed him—the bravest in the  
land;

The sword was braced on every limb, and gauntleted  
each hand!



## THE BURIAL OF THE CID.

[The body of the Cid was conducted, on horseback, to San Pedro, where it remained (according to the Spanish Chronicles), in an upright position, exposed to the public view for ten years.]

SLOWLY knights and warriors come with a sad and  
measured tread ;

Not for battle rolls the drum, but the burial of the dead :  
The soldier's battles all are o'er—His soul hath sought  
her home ;

And the doughty Cid, El Campeador, is passing to his  
tomb !

Still, with a warrior's strength and pride, his hand it  
grasps the rein,

While knights and gentles at his side fill the funeral-  
train ;

No mortal could have deemed the Cid, as he rode on,  
were dead,

Save for the eye and drooping lid, that told the soul was  
sped.

Helm and shield and mail of knight, the livid champion  
wore—

Tizona's blade upon his right the dead Rodrigo bore ;  
Sad and solemn to behold, they march to Pedro's pile,  
While moveless droops the banner-fold above that  
warrior-file !

The master's corse doth still bestride the true and gallant  
steed

That erst through battle's crimson tide bore him with  
breathless speed ;

Lightless the eye, and low the head ; nor blood doth  
swell the vein,

As though he feels the hand is dead that loosely holds  
the rein !

Through the dark midnight, by dim torch-light, their  
sorrowing way they trod ;

And many a prayer was muttered low that the soul  
might pass to God ;

And the cold and dewy morning-star its russet twilight  
shed,

As his comrades left the brave Bivar to slumber with the  
dead !

ADDRESS OF COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ  
PREVIOUS TO BATTLE WITH THE MOORS.

WITHIN the walls of Burgos' town, Count Fernan hath  
arrayed

The vassals of the Spanish crown with targe and lance  
and blade ;

The Moorish host is marshalled too ;—Almanzor leads  
them on—

The cymbals clash, the sabres flash ;—high waves the  
gonfalon !

The atabal with deadly peal ; the Crescent, streaming  
bright—

The jar and clank of burnished steel herald the Moorish  
might ;—

Now face to face the armies stand, upon their spears  
they lean,

When a Spanish knight, with naked brand, his courser  
spurs between.

And scarce his barb the knight had spurred, in the midst  
between the foe,

When a low and stifled wail was heard, as of mourners  
in their woe ;—  
For, on a sudden, awful doom ! with the brave Castillian,  
The earth, it op'd, like a yawning tomb, and swallowed  
steed and man !

It closed again upon its prey ; nor sign nor trace they see,  
Rider and steed are swept away, as autumn strips the  
tree ;  
Fear falls on every mailed man—quivers each iron  
hand ;—  
The soldier's rugged face is wan, and powerless his  
brand !

Count Fernan grasped his charger's rein, and waved his  
falchion bright,  
His mettled courser sped amain, as speeds the morning-  
light,—  
“Hidalgos ! sons of Burgos ! why doth fear freeze every  
vein ?

Where is the vaunted Chivalry—the valor of old Spain ?”

“ Though heaven and earth in one combine with dream  
and omen drear,  
Beats there within yon' Spanish line a heart that quails  
with fear ?

Shame on the Craven who would wheel and 'fore the  
Crescent fly !

The sturdy blood of old Castille, than yield, would  
rather die !

“False, recreant knights ! ye will not lay the honors that  
ye've gained

In many a proudly foughten day, with falchions crimson  
stained

In dust, for ever to remain ;—soiled by Oblivion's breath !  
Ye renegades to God and Spain ! your swords ye dare  
not sheath !

“Fear ye the Moorish for to count, because your  
comrade 's gone ?

Castillians ! no !—your coursers mount ! your host hath  
lost but *one* !—

Your banners raise ! The Moor displays his Crescent in  
the van—

Forth every falchion ! *Let* it blaze, and stand ye, man  
to man !

“Say, *they're* a thousand,—*we*, but ten ! What ! will  
ye turn and flee ?

Can Spain invoke no nobler men, no truer knights than  
ye ?

Give me one drop of Spanish blood from a true Castilian  
heart,

'Tis the noblest stream that ever flowed beneath a  
Moorish dart!

"Hidalgos! knights! your coursers spur! Give every  
barb the rein!

The field let steed and rider skirr! 'St Jago for old  
Spain!

Shame on the soul would falter now, when the Moslem is  
before us,

What! quail ye! fore the turbaned brow, while the Holy  
Cross flies o'er us!"

FLERIDA LEAVES HER FATHER'S HOUSE  
AT NIGHT, EMBARKING IN THE GALLEY  
OF HER LOVER, DUARDOS.

'Twas the blooming month of May, when the rose and  
lily vie,  
When the bird is singing on the spray, and summer  
lights the sky ;  
The stars, they shone, like happy isles, amid a sea of light,  
Where tears should ever change to smiles and never day  
know night !

It was a night as fresh and fair as ever dew-drop wept ;  
Odors floated in the air from flowers as they slept,  
When a lithe and lovely form strayed mid the flowers'  
painted beds,  
And tears fell from the Spanish Maid, as she raised their  
drooping heads.

"Farewell—farewell, ye children gay ! For autumn's  
withered bowers  
Ye hive the sweets of scented May ! nurslings of sunshine-  
hours !

No more the nightingale's sad lay shall wake my  
listless ear—

Flowers! receive that holy dew—a maiden's parting tear.

“Fountains of crystal light, farewell! whose silver  
wavelets flow

Through the perfumed bower, where flowers dwell, and  
their crimson beauties glow!

The glories of the earth and sky have floated on your  
breast,

Bright as the amber hues that dye the sunset of the  
West.

“Flowers and fountains, may the sun still gild ye with  
his ray,

Still flush your leaves when I am gone, with the tints of  
rosy May;—

And heaven ne'er its rain refuse, nor morn her tear of  
dew,

And may your Autumn-withered hues the kiss of Spring  
renew!”

“Weep not, my Love!” Duardos said;

“There are other climes as bright,

Where the sun is cloudless all the day,

And the starry sky at night.



“ There are sun-reflecting waters there,  
And meads of emerald growing ;  
And a spirit-music, for the air  
Guides every wave that's flowing !

“ And the gardens blush in flowery prime,  
As though the morning-skies  
Still sang the hymn of the golden time,  
When Creation slept in Paradise.

“ I have palaces of silver  
To greet my Spanish bride ;  
And maids shall walk behind thy train,  
And gallants by thy side.

“ And painted chambers glitter there  
With the gold of Turkey's mine ;  
And the fates and chances of my life  
On their blazoned pannels shine.

“ There thou shalt read of the bitter tear  
That dimmed thy lover's eye,  
When I dared the brave Primalion's spear,  
For thee to do or die.

“ Then away with me, my Spanish bride !  
For Duardos' home is far—

What eye would fear the midnight-tide,  
When it guides by the Lovers' star?"

And now the bark, to the midnight-blast, cuts through  
the star-lit water,  
Tears quickly fall, as heels the mast, from the dark-eyed  
Spanish daughter,  
But dreams arise of that lovely shore, that lies beyond  
the deep,  
And the liquid music of the oar the maiden lulls to  
sleep.

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KING SEBASTIAN DIES IN BATTLE.

Who is he, who rides so fast amid the dead and  
dying ;—  
His knightly pennon, to the blast, in shattered fragments  
flying,  
His armor beareth many a stain of foes now stark and  
cold ;—  
He reels upon his steed ; the rein, the hero scarce can  
hold !

Sebastian ! bravest 'mid the brave—a soldier, yet a  
King !

Where Battle's floating banners wave on high their  
crimson wing ;—

Horseman and steed were ever found, unsheathed the  
monarch's glaive,

Whose trenchant blade had made the ground full many  
a hero's grave.

Lo ! from each quarter of the field rageth the battle-  
cry—

“ Fly, brothers, fly ! Down spear and shield ! the foe is  
on us !—fly ! ”

The monarch checks his courser's rein ;—raiseth his  
falchion bright,

And dasheth 'mid his knights amain to stem their  
craven flight !

The traitor's spear its work hath done—Don Sancho was  
no more !

“ Your king, your king—Ho ! every one ! ” shouted  
El Campeador.

With blooded spur and naked steel they speed their  
breathless way—

Around their murdered lord they kneel—they threaten,  
weep, and pray !

"Where is the traitor?" cried the Cid, still kneeling by  
his lord;

"The deed be mine! now God forbid it should not stain  
my sword!

Oh! murdered king! is there a soul in this brave  
compañié,

So craven, dastard, or so foul, as not to die for thee?"

In solemn phalanx still they kneel, the bleeding corse  
around:

Those stern, but weeping eyes reveal the soul's untented  
wound.\*

Courtiers, they flatter even in death, as though the soul  
could come,

Charmed by their vain and empty breath, back from its  
silent home.†

"Thou art my king! thy vassal, I!" the old count Cabra  
said:

"Brave knights! you've seen your master die—behold  
his crownless head!

To weep the body back again to life—to light and air,  
Our tears and hopes alike are vain—the soul demands  
our prayer."

\* "The untented woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee."—*Lear*.

† "Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death!"—*Gray*.

The king then raised his swimming eyes, death's seal  
was on his brow—

“Soldiers and knights! or ere he dies, list ye your king's  
last vow—!”

Upon the warrior's mailéd breast in weakness sank his  
head;

The soul had sought her sainted rest—the warrior-king  
was dead!



VELLIDO DOLFOS' TREASON.

VELLIDO, with the lightning's speed, Zamora leaves  
behind;

O'er hill and vale he spurs his steed—his course is as the  
wind!

The sons of Arias Gonzalo he flies with hate and fear,  
While claims he, from his deadly foe, both friendship's  
hand and tear.

“Now, God protect the Spanish crown and throne!” the  
traitor cries,

And bends the knee before the king, in meek and lowly  
guise—

"My lord! I am thy vassal, true as any in the land!"  
And, as he spake, the traitor drew his keen and trenchant  
brand.

"The old man, Gonzalo, hath sought to take thy vassal's  
life;  
Curst be the flag 'neath which I've fought in many a  
bloody strife,  
I ask but vengeance, now, my lord! for a wronged and  
injured man;  
And soon thou'lt hail, with spear and mail, Vellido in  
thy van.

"Nor this alone—Zamora's town—its might, its  
treasures—all—  
Shall own the sway of Sancho's crown—thy banner  
guard its wall!  
Vellido knows each secret gate—each guarded pass he  
knows—  
By heaven! I'll rest not 'till my hate is wreaked upon  
my foes!"

Then spake the king: "I trust thy faith—my shield is  
now thy word;  
It cannot be that traitor's breath should stain Vellido's  
sword!"

The traitor smiled—in whispered tone, he said, “My  
lord ! I wait—  
But no one, save the king alone, shall know that secret  
gate !”

The king waved back his kingly band, as each his  
courser spurred,  
And calmly laid his mailed hand upon his jewelled  
sword.

“Lead on, Sir Knight !” Don Sancho cried ; “now  
vengeance on thy foe !”

“*Vengeance on thee !*” the knight replied, and felled him  
at a blow !

Who hath not seen the havoc made when storm sweeps  
sea and land ?

Thus the ruthless foe did crouch below the sweep of his  
naked brand ;

While yet upon his own he calls and deals his blows  
around,

Reeling with wounds, the courser falls, 'neath his master  
to the ground.

Scarce had he fallen, when a knight pricked forth his  
gallant steed ;

Lo ! spur and rein the courser strain to aid the monarch's  
need ;

Sore press upon the knight his foes ; his arms wear  
many a stain,  
But his foemen fall beneath his blows, as the sickle sheds  
the grain.

“ Mount, mount, good King ! my destrier,” the gallant  
champion cries ;

“ We’ll bravely carry thee where’er the foeman’s banner  
flies ;

Look round thee, king ! for far and near thy harnessed  
champions fall,

As though for aye were dimmed the star of gallant  
Portugal !

“ Death and dismay beset thine host—their blood it  
streams like water !

Good master ! mount ; for all is lost in this sad day of  
slaughter—

Fly, fly, good king ! your knights implore ! Here,  
master, seize the rein,

I would not have thee see the gore that streams the  
battle-plain !

“ Woe worth the day !” Sebastian said ; “ I marshalled  
ye for fight !

That I should see my champions dead, or worse, in  
coward-flight !



I take thy proffer, loyal knight ! as freely as 'tis given ;  
Be thy truth to save me from the grave, thy best  
reward in heaven !”

The champion flingeth down the rein. Dismount !—he  
can but try ;—

For freshly gusheth every vein, and Death doth glaze  
his eye—

The reeling corse the king receives, the champion's  
battle's o'er ;—

The monarch weeps—the knight, he sleeps the sleep  
that wakes no more !

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#### BOABDIL'S LAMENT.

THE Moorish king doth ride alone, alone without his  
host ;

And many a tear and bitter groan proclaim Alhama  
lost ;—

He rideth from Elvira's gate forth through Granada's  
town,

That town he swayed, as king of late, with sceptre and  
with crown.

Woe betide the hapless hour when king Boabdil heard  
That fallen was Alhama's tower beneath the Christian  
sword,

Woe worth the messenger ! Woe worth the tidings  
that he bore !

He smote the trembling slave to earth, the hated tidings  
tore.

Then vaulted on his steed, the rein he grasped with  
trembling hand,

Fate darkly whispered—"Christian Spain would yet  
sway Moorish land !"

Along the Zacatin he guides his mettled Arab roan,  
And thousands eye him, as he rides, a *king without a  
throne !*

And scarce within Alhambra's wall, the king his entry  
made,

When Zegrís, to his aid he calls, Alfaquí and Alcayde ;—  
"Let every trumpet peal ?" he cried, "within Elvira's  
gate ;—

Spread our Prophet's jewelled banner wide ! Allah ! God  
is great !

"Peal every trumpet ! Let the drum thunder the note  
of war !

Alhama's lost! The Christians come! Blaze every  
scymitar!—

Peal every gong and atabal with a burst shall rend the  
skies,

Be vengeance for Alhama's fall, the Moslem's  
Paradise!"

The Moors upon the Vega, and the Moors within the gate,  
Hear in the blast their King's command, as 'twere the  
tongue of Fate;

With breathless speed and sweating steed they press in  
full career;

With scymitar bare, they smite the air, and tilt the  
burnished spear.

Obedient to that warlike blast they stand in glittering  
ring,

When a hoary Moor spake out at last:—"Wherefore  
that summons, king?"

"Wherefore?" the king replied, with brow now pale,  
now red with fear;

"Alhama is the Christian's now—read thou my summons  
*there!*"

Then spake an old Alfaqui, hoar and weak with years he  
stood;

“Remember, king! thy palace-floor is stained with  
Moslem blood;

The Abencerrages’ blood was shed within this very  
room;—

In Alhama’s cold and spectral dead, king! read *thou*  
thy doom!”

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BOABDIL’S FAREWELL.

THERE’S weeping in Granada’s town; there’s wailing  
near and far;—

Dim is the Zegri’s emerald crown, and waned the Crescent  
star!

Alfaquis chaunt the Prophet’s praise, as they move in  
sadness on,

While monks their pious voices raise to the glory of the  
Son.

Where the Crescent, late, its lustre shed, a milder glory  
falls,

For the bannered cross is widely spread within Granada’s  
walls;

Within the mosque the Christian kneels, without are  
Christian spears,  
And as "*Te Deum*" loudly peals, the Moor drops  
burning tears.

Wave high the banners of Castille above the Christian  
band ;  
Bursts forth in wild and joyous peal ;—" The Moor hath  
left the land ;"  
March on the Moslems through *one* gate, their pennons  
drooping low ;  
Through the *other*, come with step elate, the proud,  
exulting foe !

His beard he tore ;—the gems he wore, tramples the  
king to earth ;  
While his *Spahis* heard Boabdil pour these words of  
sadness forth ;  
" Fair city of my home and faith ! Granada, *fare thee  
well !*—  
For love of thee, his latest breath thy king would dearly  
sell !

" The Moor, full seven hundred years, within thy wall  
held sway ;  
Woe worth the Christian for the tears he makes us shed  
to-day ;

In thee I drew my earliest breath, but far from thee  
shall die.

Mahoun! avenge Granada's faith! Thy sword smite  
Christentie?

"Mother of gentle Dames wer't thou, of high and  
honored name;

Thou'st wove for many a champion's brow the chaplet of  
his fame;—

For years of deadly hate we've striven 'gainst yon'  
exulting Lord,

And hoped to find the Moslem heaven lay 'neath the  
Christian's sword!

"Thy children's hopes, alas! were vain, though we  
struggled, toiled and bled;

Better than wear this galling chain, thy suffering sons  
were dead!

Granada! look upon thy Chief! Fair city look thy last!—

Granade! Alhambra! Generalife!—your day of glory's  
past!

"There's not a flower within thy walls that is not  
doomed to die;—

No fount again within thy halls shall glad the gazer's  
eye—

Crownless and sceptreless, I leave my cradle—kingdom—  
home—

A pilgrim doomed—mayhap the wave may prove  
Boabdil's tomb !”

He said, and gave his barb the rein ;—his knights and  
cavaliers

Begirt their monarch's mourning-train with their bright  
and glistening spears ;

When lo ! a voice upon his ear like wind that lulls the  
wave ;—

“ Better, my son ! than *thou* be here, Granada were thy  
grave !

“ People and kingdom, all are gone ! Son, wherefore  
dost *thou* breathe ?

Down with yon' waving gonfalon ! your swords, ye  
traitors, sheathe !

Thou'st hung upon these breasts, but now this arm  
could smite thee dead ;

For I spurn the brand in a craven's hand, as the crown  
on a traitor's head !”

各款均按《企会商谈书》第 10 条 4 款 2 项处理



LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS  
OF  
IRELAND.

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*[The page contains faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

## THE ENCHANTED RING;

A TALE OF FAËRIE.

THE sun is high; and hound and horn  
Breathe welcome echo to the morn,  
As from the mountain-top it flings  
Those treasured hues, that lay through night,  
Deep-folded in her dusky wings,  
To gild its path with gems of light—  
A summer's morn! The earth and air  
Seem wrapt in holy dream, as 'twere  
That glorious dawn, when first God sent  
Light thro' the murky firmament,  
Dispelling cloud and vapor far  
As rose Creation's morning-star,  
Flinging her myriad hues, unfurled  
Like banner bathed in rainbow-light,  
Waking from Chaos' chains, a world  
Had lain, 'till then, in dreams of Night—  
And earth and air,—the very skies  
(As one by one the stars of even  
Close up their ever watchful eyes,

And melt into the blue of heaven)  
Seem rev'ling in that golden ray,  
Baptizing the approach of Day—  
For earth hath donned her mantle green,  
The flower shakes off its midnight dew ;—  
Twinkles the grass its emerald-sheen,  
The harebell bares her breast of blue—  
And Summer's bells are sweetly ringing  
From leaves just op'ning to the day,  
And birds, bright morning's minstrels, singing,  
Like spirits, their sweet matin-lay ;—  
All—all would seem, as Paradise  
Again were in this world of our's,  
Restoring the lost light that lies  
Deep in the shade of Eden's bowers !  
The woods, they ring with many a note  
Of shrill horn, answered from the throat  
Of baying hound ; whose pointed ear  
Pricks at the sound of huntsman's cheer,  
Waking the timid, couching hare  
From the deep covert of her lair—  
And now sweeps on the panting steed,  
With the breathless flight of arrowy speed ;—  
The straining nostril swollen wide,  
The rowel deep in his sweating side,  
The full dark eye, like orb of light,

The ear pricked up at hound's full bay,  
As pants the war-steed at the sight  
Of legions marshalled for the fray !  
Prince Cormac heads the gallant band,  
No doughtier prince through Erin's land  
To lead the host or follow hound,  
Or lead the way where trumpet-sound  
Points out the hero's crimson path  
Through glory's shout or shriek of death—  
The chase he heads, through vale and plain  
With sweating steed and slackened rein,  
Now cheers the hound, now swells the cry  
Of merrie huntsman's revelry ;—  
His snowy plume, like banner high  
Waved in the van of chivalry,  
Points to the jocund troop the way  
Where cowers the expected prey—  
But hark ! what means that distant cry ?  
Checked are the steeds, and ev'ry eye,  
As when the ambushed cannonade  
In showers pours its fiery rain  
From the thick forest's covert shade,  
In slaughter on the battle-plain,  
Is strained to catch the sounds that bring  
Strange tidings upon Echo's wing—  
“The prey is our's !” Prince Cormac cried ;

And pricking his proud courser's side ;  
As speeds the shaft by bowman shot,  
The barb obeys the slackened rein,  
And cheerily the bugle-note  
Rings out its music once again—  
On, on they dash, like waves of river,  
Darting away from its silver quiver ;—  
On, on, where the baying hound doth lead,  
Through tangled furze or grassy mead—  
Through the wide open plain they skirr,  
With foaming steed and blooded spur ;  
Of aught unmindful save the yell  
Of hound, each moment rising through  
The echoing depths of yonder dell,  
Now bursting on the huntsman's view.  
The Prince alights ; and clamb'ring down  
The rocky height, that, like a crown,  
Begirts that sweet, sequestered dell  
(Meet resting-place for fairy-spell),  
Through withered branches broke his way,  
Whence rose the pack's still ceaseless bay ;  
When, quicker than the thought of dream,  
Breaks on his ear a human scream,—  
A scream of agony and fear,  
As though the parting soul had giv'n  
All anguish forth could load it here,

Ere 't took its last farewell to heav'n.  
Nor passed a moment, ere he sprang  
Amid the pack that stood at bay  
With fiery eye and whetted fang,  
For the last leap upon their prey—  
An old and haggard form stood there,  
With furrowed cheek and hoary hair,  
And palsied form, and wrinkled brow,  
A hundred winters might have strown  
With thin and scattered hairs of snow,  
For Youth's bright sunny locks of brown—  
One long shrill blast, and ev'ry hound  
Cowers full low upon the ground ;  
And quoth the Prince ; " What would one here,  
In place so lone, so old as thou ?  
Giv'st thou the dead a prayer or tear ?  
Or cam'st thou here for holy vow ?"  
" It boots not now ; but one boon more  
Awaits me from thee ere we part ;  
And length of days, and golden store  
(Such as might glad a Prince's heart)  
Youth, shall be thine—" She paused a while,  
And o'er her fleshless face a smile,  
As sunlight o'er the desert strays  
In Autumn's bleak and stormy days,  
Half-mirthfully, half-sadly played,

Like straggling rays through forest-shade ;  
And from her eyes there shot a light,  
All faint as that on summer's night,  
That quivers one brief moment ere  
'Tis quenched in the cold midnight air :  
Nor more she said, but waved her hand ;  
Aghast, the knight half-drew his brand—  
Yet quickly thrust it back again,  
As though he felt the burning shame  
That dyed his cheek with crimson stain,  
Branded the craven on his name—  
“Put up thy sword ! it hath no fear  
For one whose sands so near are run ;—  
Why pull the leaf that Autumn's sere  
May wither ere the set of sun ?  
Come, follow me,—but youth, beware !  
For human hope and human prayer  
May offer up the heart's last sigh,  
Ere, 'mid the mystic depths of sea,  
Or treasures between earth and sky,  
They find the wealth that's doomed for thee !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now on a lake's still shore they stand,  
Whose waters in the moon-lit beam,  
As lambently they kiss the sand,  
Scarce seem to wake from that sweet dream



Of far-off worlds, that heaven pours  
At midnight, from its starry bowers—  
Still are the waves,—as still, as Death  
Had hushed them with his icy breath;  
And wind and wave were laid to sleep,  
On the cold bosom of the deep,  
Wrapt in that lonely spirit-shroud,  
Half woven of moonbeam and of cloud—  
Low breaks the music on the strand  
Of ev'ry wave that bears from far  
The silver tones of spirit-land,  
Like echoes caught from falling star;  
And ev'ry murmur as it dies,  
Dissolves in seraph harmonies!  
“Lo! ev'ry wave is sleeping now,  
Fair youth!” she said, “and soft and low  
Falls the sweet hymn that ev'ning sings  
Ere Day folds up his golden wings—  
But, 'neath that wave a treasure lies,  
Such as for erring soul might win  
Again the gates of Paradise,—  
Unsay the doom of mortal sin—  
A magic ring, long sought in vain,  
Within those waves for years hath lain;  
Thine the venture now to seek  
That long-lost ring, within the lake;

Thine the hazard—thine the prize  
To find this treasure of the wave ;  
Giving it back the light of skies  
That gladdens ne'er the sea-shell's cave !”  
“ This, this be mine ?” the Prince replied—  
His brow suffused with flush of pride :  
“ Now by yon' stars that look adown  
From skies with light they guard and crown,—  
By yon' pale orb like diamond set  
In midnight's sparkling coronet,—  
By every hope and every fear  
That wings its flight from human heart,  
Up to that virgin crescent-sphere ;  
From those who love, weep, meet or part ;—  
No talisman I ask or crave  
To guard me from the treacherous wave ;  
I seek no rite of fairy spell  
But haste to do thy 'hest ;—Farewell !”

He said ; and, like the flight of deer  
When hound and horn proclaim aloud  
The fury of the chase is near,  
Plunged 'mid the water's snowy shroud ;—  
Nor passed a moment ere he felt  
The nature that within him lay,

Link after link, dissolve and melt  
Like mist before the sun, away ;  
He saw the waters gliding by  
As silver clouds in a summer sky,  
Bathed in the pearly light that shone  
In snowy showers from Dian's zone ;  
They touched him not, but on they went  
Music and light around them playing ;  
Reflecting from the firmament  
Each meteor from its bright home straying ;—  
Around seemed one bright holiday,  
Wave with wave in seeming play,  
Each sporting with the silver band  
The moon had flung on every crest,  
To seal, with touch of her bright wand,  
Their laughing eyes to midnight-rest :  
Yes—yes, 'twas music all around,  
And echo sent back spirit-sound  
Of naiad's song and lone mermaid,  
As tranquilly she twines her braid  
In the clear wave that mirrors back  
Her beauties from its silver track—  
Oh ! 'tis a world as new, he feels,  
As that the dreamer's sphere reveals ;—  
When the wrapt soul in visioned trance  
From earth, on wing of thought upborne,

Fixes on heaven that upward glance  
It feels is kindred with the morn,  
And earth and heaven in one unite  
To make that dream a sphere of light !  
But not the change around him cast  
From what he saw on earth, when last  
He looked on her green hills, and skies  
Swathed in the garb of summer-dyes ;—  
Not *there* the change alone ; he feels  
A new-born spirit rise within—  
A touch—a breath, like that which seals  
The soul just winged from earth and sin.  
'Tis blood no longer warms his veins,  
Tainted and foul with mortal stains ;  
Instead thereof a current plays,  
As pure and fresh as that which ran  
Through human frame in elder days,  
Quickened by spark Promethean—  
His eye hath now an angel's ken  
To see delights denied to man ;  
For brighter worlds are round him now,  
Than ever burst on mortal view ;  
Wreathed in the silver and the snow,  
They catch from each wave's passing hue,  
And flinging as they pass, a ray  
That makes that world, eternal day !

Still, as he wings his watery track  
A thousand mirrors give him back  
An image, such as that might beam  
On young Endymion in his dream,  
When Luna, seen from Latmos' height,  
Borne onward in her car of light,  
Heard the secret low and deep,  
Breathed like incense o'er his sleep,  
As perfume winding through the cell  
Of flower where it loves to dwell ;  
She heard ; and, on a snowy ray  
Of moonbeam, earthward bent her way,  
Touching the dreamer's lips with kiss  
That thrilled his soul with love and bliss :  
Oh ! such the image bright, that passed  
The mortal on his watery flight,  
And the rich loveliness it cast  
Seemed native to a heaven of light :—  
He feels—he sees the change ; his hair  
Hangeth in wavy ringlets down,  
Bright as the beams of morning, where  
They cluster into daylight's crown ;  
And there's a beauty in his face  
The limner's art might vain essay  
In fancy's heavenly forms to trace  
With pencil dyed in sunbeam's ray,

And model from an angel brought,  
Creation of the poet's thought ;  
His form ;—oh ! 'tis one waving line  
Of beaming beauty, all-divine ;  
Half-made of rays that played and shone  
In streams of radiance round God's throne,  
So bright we can but veil our eyes  
Like seraphim in Paradise ;  
And half of air, like clouds we see  
In the deep blue's immensity ;  
So light, so fleeting that they melt  
Ere half their beauty's seen or felt,  
Fading away in summer-rack  
To their bright home in heaven back !  
Yes, yes, he feels a change hath come  
Like that which flings its spell around  
The soul unprisoned from the tomb ;  
Where death its wing so long hath bound ;  
A change like that which Hope and Faith  
Bring to the spirit after death ;  
Immortal change Religion brings  
To earth, down from her starry height,  
Giving the dead a seraph's wings  
To roam through spheres of endless light !  
Oh ! rapture thus to feel the play  
Of wing immortal cleave the way—

The bright pathway to angels given,  
That points their native home in heaven ;—  
To feel the dull and senseless clod  
At touch of spirit melt away,  
Sealed by the impress of a God,  
Ere it hath turned again to clay.  
Still on he wends his journey bright,  
Like arrow loosed from bow of light,  
Flying onward, as the waves retreat  
In silver masses on each side ;  
Like the suspended winding-sheet  
Of foam that shrouds the mountain-tide—  
But hark ! he stays, for voices tell  
The secrets of this mystic sphere,  
In tones of sweetness such, that well  
A spirit e'en might pause to hear—  
They come in notes far sweeter than  
Ever was waked by minstrel-hand,  
'Mid strings of an Æolian,  
In wand'ring air from mountain-land ;—  
And these the words that float along  
Each swelling wave that laughs with song.  
“Down, down to our home in the deep! Come away !  
It hath not the light of your earth-born day ;  
But oh ! it hath radiance lovelier far,  
For each gem-studded wave hath the light of a star !  
And our halls with crystal and silver shine,

Reflecting, like mirrors, the colors that twine  
With their bright wreaths of pearl and sapphire, that vie  
With the brightest we see in your own summer-sky—  
Come down, then, come down ! for our banquet is spread  
Of soft dews, oh ! far sweeter than rose ever shed ;  
And our goblets of pearl with nectar are filled,  
More delicious than honey-bee ever distilled,  
And then for our song, sweet as ever was heard  
At the first blush of spring from her favorite bird :  
Not your lark's, nor your nightingale's notes, as they fall  
Can rival it ;—no—oh ! 'tis sweeter than all !  
For our's is the gush of the musical wave,  
As it dashes and ebbs from the coral-lit cave ;  
And the echo from each liquid wave, as it swells,  
Awakens the answer of murmuring shells—  
And our's is the anthem of Freedom that flies,  
Like meteor undying, from mountain to skies,—  
A theme that finds echo wherever is heard  
The boom of the wave or wild note of the bird—  
And thine shall be Love, oh ! unchangeably bright  
As the moon of your earth on a long summer-night ;  
Living on—living on 'mid unwithering hues,  
And exhaling to heaven, like rose-born dews—  
Then welcome, fair youth ! to our home in the deep,  
For lulled is each wavelet to pillow thy sleep ;  
And the lamp that we light to watch over thy dream  
Shall be fed from the diamond of wave and moonbeam.”



As o'er the water stilly mute  
Are hushed the dying tones of lute,  
When sweetly stealing o'er the crest  
Of wave its music breathes to rest,  
So fades the Naiads' melody,  
Like the soft ripple from the oar,  
Or wave, whose echoes break and die,  
At even on some distant shore—  
And scarce the list'ning ear had dwelt  
On the far echoes, as they melt  
From wave to wave, in music playing,  
Like summer-wind 'mid harp-strings straying,  
Ere 'round the knight, with wings outspread  
Stood spirits in bright retinue  
With emerald crown upon the head,  
And raiment of the ocean blue—  
And 'round the stranger many a maze  
Of circling light they sport and play ;  
As insects wanton in the haze  
Of sunshine brief on summer's day ;—  
While from the conches that they bear  
Such mystic sounds enchain the ear,  
Half-speech, half-music ; notes that dwell  
In richest union, lovers say,  
When sings the love-lorn Philomel  
From midnight to the dawn of day—

All beautiful as Day they stand  
Weaving its halo of the light  
It wakens with its golden wand  
From cradle, where the starry night  
Had wrapt it in her mantle cold  
Of many a dark and dusky fold—  
A moment, and at signal given,  
Like lightning darting down from heaven,  
The troops of radiance part in twain,  
While rings out sweet and airy strain  
From wreathed shell, and as it dies  
In eddies of rich harmonies,  
A form, more glorious—brighter far  
In stature—beauty than the rest;  
Radiant with beams, as Day's own star  
Smiling in glory in the West,  
There stands, surrounded by a zone,  
Like rainbow, that around her shone,  
Blending the galaxy of dyes  
That decks the noontide in the skies,  
With the rich hues that float and glide  
In streams of light on summer-even  
O'er ocean's calm impurpled tide,  
Like pilgrims from their native heaven—  
The spirits, each his emerald crown  
Lays at her feet in homage down,

While their sweet voices accents raise  
Of blended harmony and praise—  
That scarcely e'en can rapture dwell  
On those rich notes that gush and rise  
In union sweet of voice and shell  
Where ocean's mystic music lies ;  
For Cormac sees the magic ring  
A flood of em'rald lustre fling  
Upon the band ; so bright, intense,—  
It almost dazzles mortal sense !  
But what the rapture mute that bound  
His wond'ring soul, at the rich sound  
Of Naiad-harmonies that pour  
Their music on that magic shore,  
When accents from the spirit's lip  
On his tranced ear as lightly break,  
As those ye hear in the feathery dip  
Of swallow's wing in a sunny lake—  
“ Mortal ! this magic ring is thine ;—  
Yes, *thine* alone the glitt'ring prize,  
Hath tempted thee to realm divine,  
Unlocking all its mysteries !  
For thou hast seen the spirit's form  
That rides in wrath upon the storm ;  
Lashing the crested wave to foam,  
And 'gulphing in its madd'ning play,

Souls to their last and dreary home,  
That o'er its treacherous bosom stray—  
And thou hast heard the gentle strains,  
Soft as steal o'er your summer-plains,  
When winds, like harps that angels sweep,  
Give dreams to flowers as they sleep ;  
The strains with which we spirits wake  
At morn the waves upon the lake,  
And lull them to their evening-rest,  
When twilight curtains the bright West—  
And thou hast seen the silver sheet  
That bursts in revelry upon  
The beach, where light and music meet,  
Like children of the midday sun ;  
Flinging around in diamond-showers,  
Gems that fade not through Time's long hours ;  
Speaking to earth those harmonies  
That quicken the eternal ocean ;  
When sound stole o'er it from the skies,  
And gave its stagnant surface motion !  
Yes, all thou'st seen from the light spray  
That wantons on a summer's day  
To the swing of the sullen and hollow boom  
Of the wave that closes for ever—in doom !  
Now, wing thy flight for earth ;—yet stay,  
Or ere thou seek'st the light of Day— !”

The spirit paused, and fixed her gaze  
Upon the ring, whose emerald blaze  
Shot far and near through spray and foam,  
Lighting them up like pillared dome,  
Spirits had piled from the bright waves  
That clustering lay in jewelled heaps ;  
Like diamonds in those murky caves  
Where starlight in its calmness sleeps.  
But scarcely had he ta'en the ring,  
When, as on fancy's buoyant wing,  
Through depths of earth, and sea, and air,  
'Mid all most beautiful and fair,  
E'en beyond ocean, where the day  
Gilds the far shores of rich Cathay,  
From the deep sea-cave, where the night  
Couches on the soft billow's foam,  
Up to the star-crowned mountain-height,  
Where morning builds her golden home ;—  
From the bright Paradise that erst  
Held joys unfading as the flowers  
Of its eternal spring, when first  
Day woke the perfume of its bowers,  
To that bright heaven where angels rove  
Through an eternity of love,  
And light, and joy, from star to star,  
Bearing upon their wings afar

That light from the Eternal's throne  
That girds all heaven with its zone ;—  
'Mid all the glories magic might  
Summon from depths of day or night,  
'Mid all the mysteries she can  
Reveal to awe-struck gaze of man,  
Leading him on in mystic track  
Through the signs of her dark zodiac,  
His tranced spirit wrapt and borne,  
Like dreamer on the wing of morn,  
Soars far away in angel-flight  
To worlds unseen by mortal eye ;  
Each hazy cloud a car of light,  
That floats in dreamy beauty by !  
Fixed and motionless he stands,  
Like statue from the sculptor's hands ;—  
His eye, it sees not ;—yet a dream  
Lies buried 'neath that half-closed lid ;  
As oft we see the mid-day beam  
Flash 'neath the billows where 'tis hid—  
His wings repose in many a fold  
Of blended emerald and gold,  
And sense suspended hardly deems  
If 't be, indeed, a Land of Dreams,  
While misty visions floating by  
Scarce lend impression to the eye ;—

“Is ’t life or death?” he cries; “or where  
Dwells Cormac now, in earth or air?”  
But ere the words from Cormac fell  
In echo through the waves around,  
He felt upon his soul a spell,  
Heard in his ear—a sweeter sound  
Than when the spirit’s choral song  
Had floated in rich tide along,—  
It was the Naiad’s self that spake  
With voice as sweet, as when the breeze  
Of summer floats upon a lake,  
Or twines amid the drooping trees.

“By the silvery light  
That the waves return  
To the moon, when at night,  
From her heaven-fed urn,  
She sends down to mortals that beam from the skies  
That lovers embalm for their own Paradise!  
By the blushes that rise  
To the rapturous kiss  
When the soul and the eyes  
In their short-lived bliss,  
Speak each to the other, those murmurings deep  
That break from the lips of Young Love in his sleep!  
By the tear and the smile

Of a generous heart,  
When it seeks to beguile  
Our grief when we part ;  
By that harrowing tear that at parting we shed,  
And that saddest of all tears, we give for the dead !  
By ev'ry bright star  
Pavilioned on high,  
Whose fiery car  
Wheels its track through the sky,  
Those shrines of the lover, those altars that bear  
The heart's purest incense, its hope or despair !  
By the hope and the faith  
Thou hast pledged to me now,  
By the dark brand of death  
I've effaced from thy brow ;  
By the undying life I have poured through each vein,  
Thou art mine, thou art mine—Lo ! I've broken thy  
chain !”  
Is 't Music, thus, that woos his ear  
With tidings from some angel-sphere,  
Where night and day, the air that blows  
O'er beds of bright, enamelled hue,  
Scarce wakes the dreaming flower's repose,  
Scarce from its bosom sweeps the dew ;  
But scatters, as it glides along  
Through its mystic path of Song,



From 'neath its outspread, rainbow-wing,  
The harmony of endless Spring !  
Oh ! yes, 'twas Music's sweetest tone,  
Such as we hear, when, one by one  
The choristers of summer come  
Forth from their sunny, scented home  
In earth and air, with welcome sweet,  
To sing the gladness of that hour,  
When blushing Spring and Summer meet,  
Rejoicing, in their nuptial bower—  
A dream so lasting, so intense,  
It seems to wrap—steep ev'ry sense  
Of Cormac, as his fancy strays  
In sleep, through dream-land's misty haze—  
“Wilt thou be mine ? To live through years  
Darkened by neither grief nor tears,  
Unchilled by Friendship's altered brow,  
Unchanged by Passion's perjured vow,  
Thine heart unwrung by earth-born grief  
When loved ones die, like th' Autumn-leaf,  
Mingling the dust of Earth's decay  
With the sweets that burden a summer's day,  
The tear and the sigh with the sounds that rise  
From Nature's untold harmonies ;  
To change the clouds that throng the West  
(When sinks the Sun on Ocean's breast)

For one long, bright, undying Day,  
That Night can never chase away ;  
And those pale gleams by moonlight shed,  
Like vigils by the midnight-dead,  
To change *them* for the light that darts  
Like meteor from its lightning-quiver,  
When wave from wavelet as it parts,  
Flashes forth silver light for ever !”  
“ Can this be mine ?” the prince replied ;  
“ A Spirit be a Mortal’s bride ?  
Canst thou the burning seal forget  
That Immortality hath set  
Upon thy brow, when Morning shone  
First upon Earth, from God’s bright throne ?  
Oh ! rapture, with thee, thus, to dwell  
Through ages in thy sea-wrought home,  
List’ning the song of wave and shell  
In echo to the wreathing foam !  
*Will* I be thine ? oh ! ask the flower,  
Loves it not its own scented bower,  
Where Morning gilds its bed, and Night  
Steeps its slumbers in Moonlight ?  
The bird that wheels its golden track  
In joyous circles through the sky,  
Whether you e’er could woo it back  
To earth, to droop its wing and die ?

The water to return the ray  
It hives within its silver cells ;  
Where, through the sunshine-hours of day,  
With Music it for ever dwells ?  
No more, no more—I'm thine !" he said ;  
But while he spake, a livid hue,  
Like that we see upon the dead,  
Over his brow a shadow threw.  
The Spirit marked it—"Dost thou weep,"  
She said, "for those in Death that sleep,  
Or parted ties, that ne'er again  
Can weave on earth their broken chain ?  
Or weep'st thou aught—?" The tear that brake  
From Cormac, more than language spake  
The unbidden thoughts at heart, that rise  
When earth and all her memories,  
Ties and affections, joy and pain,  
Throng thickly through his heart and brain—  
"Let me see the earth once more," he cried,  
"In all the glow of her summer-pride ;  
The flower bursting at early day,  
The lark trilling her roundelay,  
Her matin-praise in every note,  
As it gushes in joy from her liquid throat :  
Cloud upon cloud, still higher and higher,  
Ascending the morn like column of fire ;

Let me look again on the painted bed,  
With its varied hues of blue and red,  
As though it were stained with ev'ry dye  
That streams at night through the galaxy ;  
Oh ! let me see the winter cold,  
Like monarch upon his throne of snow,  
With his sceptre of ice, and his crown of gold  
From the sun, like a halo, descend on his brow ;  
The Spring and the Summer, like sisters twain,  
As, wending their way thro' sweet banks of flowers,  
They listen with rapture to each passing strain  
That Nature from bird and stream lavishly pours :  
And then the sad Autumn—his crown all of sere,  
His mantle of withered leaves strown on the gale,  
As he weeps his last tears o'er the corse of the year,  
When in silence it lies in the leaf-buried vale !  
Oh ! let me see this once again,  
Nor let the mortal's prayer be vain !"  
" What pledge have I that thou wilt come  
Back again to thy Spirit-home ?"  
" My faith—my life,—oh, all on earth  
I have, or deem that life is worth—"  
" I ask not pledge of *earth* to prove,"  
Answered the Spirit, " mortal's love ;  
For with *you* 'tis all weak and frail,  
Like blossom trembling in the gale,

Or waving, like the downy spray,  
Ere for ever in mist it passeth away ;  
No—give me back that magic ring,  
For certain pledge thou wilt return  
Ere Night spreads out her sable wing  
To cloud the glories of the morn :”  
Kissing the circlet, bright of gold,  
Whose burnished hues shone far and near,  
Like the serpent’s crest of glistening fold,  
Erect in the hour of death and fear,  
He gave it back ;—“ Now—now I fly  
Back to the realms of earth and sky ;  
The earth, like a paradise, stretched to receive  
In her bosom all loveliness heaven can give !  
Joy—joy—now I wing for the earth and the air—”  
The reply of the spirit was—“ Mortal, *Beware !*”  
And scarce had passed that ominous word,  
When, wending on his upward track,  
This song, in accents Cormac heard,  
So sweet they almost wooed him back :—

*The Spirit-Bridal.*

“ Go—gather the diamonds that float through the waves,  
All sparkling with light through the long summer’s day ;  
And let ocean give up from her hiddenmost caves  
Every gem she holds purest and brightest of ray,

To deck with their sheen  
The fair brow of our queen  
For the bridal of Spirit and Mortal—Away !

“ And twine with the garland the beam of the moon,  
As she tremblingly kisses the water at even,  
Impearling the new-born flowers of June  
With her own light that flows like a river, thro’ heaven ;  
And blend with the wreath  
Honor, Passion, and Faith,  
To mortal, the purest and holiest given.

“ And with the beam mingle the hues that the bow  
From its watery prism in harmony flings,  
Emblazoned with colors as radiant as though  
They had flashed from a wave of the Seraphim’s wings ;  
Let every ray be  
As bright as ye see  
The Sun, when at morn from the Ocean he springs.

“ Then weave her a robe from a wreath of the foam  
That the Storm-Spirit dashes in sport on the shore,  
And braid it with pearls from the mermaid’s green home  
Ye’ll find deep in the wave, ’neath its sapphire floor ;—  
And the bridal-robe twine  
With that rich golden line  
That the summer-sun flings on the water, like ore.

“Take for her chariot the amber ye find  
All fresh from the night-mourning sea-bird that weeps ;  
And give her, for steeds, the fleet wings of the wind  
As over the Ocean in winter he sweeps—

Haste, Spirits—away  
From the regions of Day,  
To depths, where the Dolphin in revelry leaps.

“And then for her chaunt, let the waves clap their hands,  
And their anthem exultingly send to the skies,  
As they laughingly break on the golden ribbed sands,  
Each gushing its tribute of joy ere it dies—

Quick—for ere nightfall,  
Shall echo this crystal hall  
To spirit and wave as they blend their sweet harmonies !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now morning pours her golden light  
In streams through vale, o'er mountain-height,  
And Cormac, once on earth again,  
Re-weaves Affection's shattered chain  
And Memory's, that absence gave  
In fragments to the silver wave—  
The Spirit's gone, and all the man  
Returns to kindle heart and vein ;

While earth's sweet mem'ries, one by one,  
Teem in his throbbing soul again—  
As weary bird from far-off clime  
Returns, when Winter's reign is o'er,  
To hail again sweet Summer's prime,  
Basking upon its well-loved shore,  
So wandered his enraptured eye,  
From earth to wave—from wave to sky,  
Draining that sweet, inspiring cup  
That Memory's own hand held up,  
Each drop, a link to bind that chain  
The enchantress wove too fast again—  
Yes, there was the Morning—in colors all dight  
She had borrowed from flow'r-strewn vale and the height  
Of the mountain ; where, throned upon many a fold  
Of verdure, she sate in her vesture of gold ;  
Her sceptre of light—her tiara of flowers  
Resplendent with jewels from Night's dewy showers—  
And the birds, too, were there, all exultingly springing  
From their air-hanging nests through the clouds that  
gave way,  
As upward they soared, to their tumult of singing,  
Sweet as echo e'er gave to the bowers of May—  
And the flowery earth—the air, and the water  
Were sending aloft to the throne of the skies,  
That ocean of incense that Earth's fairest daughter,



Sweet Morning had culled from her own Paradise ;—  
For the dew, like a diadem, circled the flower,  
And the merrie bird sang from his moss-covered bower,  
Every new-born odor its censer was swinging,  
And the lark, Nature's matin-bell, merrily ringing !  
Then slow, like a vision, passed Morning away  
Her tenderness merged in the glories of Day ;  
And the light rays, that trembled, like hue on the feather,  
When Morning commenced her bright garland to gather,  
Now clustered in power to form a crown  
When the Sun from his golden tent looks sultrily down—  
And over him radiantly hung the warm noon,  
Her bright mantle wove by the fair hand of June,  
Its texture was formed of the Summer's blue haze,  
And inwrought with gold of the Sun's brightest rays—  
While above spread the blue vault like palace some  
hand  
Had raised for its God, in a far sunny land,  
Bright clouds piled the fabric with many a fold,  
Its columns were air-hung—its portals of gold ;  
And its base was the mountain eternal, that ne'er  
Yet trembled to tempest in ocean or air !  
And the flower all languidly drooped on its stem,  
And frolicked the bee 'round each beautiful gem  
That Morn, in her flight, from her zone had untwined  
To brighten the path of the sweet summer-wind—

Now faded the splendors of Noon, and the Day  
Like a vision of glory, passed quickly away,—  
A vision, oh ! such as might rapture the eyes  
Of Seraphim, ev'n in their own starry skies,  
Where day unto day, and night unto night  
Giveth answer in language of undying light,  
While they gaze on the blent hues of rainbow and sun,  
For ever around the invisible One !  
Yes, the Noon passed away, and sweet Eve, like a maid,  
That mourns her love in the sepulchre laid,  
Put on her dusk veil, that over the flowers  
Crept softly, like mists of invisible showers ;  
For a shade was on all, and the earth seemed to weep  
O'er the pall Evening spread on her children in sleep,  
Closing their soft lids, as never again  
To wake at the spell of air, sunshine or rain ;  
And Eve, in her turn, gave way to the splendors  
That Night to Creation in deep homage renders,  
With the moon and the stars all like slaves in her train  
Waving like harvest of gold in the grain !  
There was silence above, and below, and around,  
And the worshipper's ear vainly paused for a sound,  
The wave of a leaflet, or even a breath  
Might say, Earth was not the dark Valley of Death !  
Hark ! heard he not one ? Yes, the lone nightingale,  
As her night-chaunt of plaintiveness sweeps through  
the vale,

Like spirit keeping watch with its mournful numbers,  
While Night folds her wing in her dark, dreamless  
slumbers.

Scarce had he heard the mournful lay  
(Sad requiem of the by-gone Day),  
When, like a torrent, broke on him  
Remembrances all dark and dim,  
Confused, as fragments of the sky  
On stormy day in ocean lie—  
The Enchanted ring—the water-sprite—  
The solemn pledge to her he'd given,  
That, ere the curtain of the Night  
Had folded in the dreams of Heaven,  
He would return ;—all—all come back,  
Like lightning on its fiery track ;—  
The heaving hope—the fear—the joy—  
Swept through his soul, to blast—destroy !  
He looked to heaven ; the moonlight pale  
Scarce bordered midnight's sable veil,  
Tinting the mountain with that hue  
That crystallized the sleeping dew—  
As though an adder stung his vein.  
Cormac starts, and breaks the chain  
Of dreamy thoughts that fixed his eye  
In rapture spell-bound on the sky—

But hark ! what sounds are those that yonder  
Break on the ear with the might of thunder ;  
Sounds so ominous and drear  
They almost stun the listening ear ?  
Nearer and nearer on they come ;—  
'Tis the clash of the wave in its terrible boom,  
As it breaks in destruction and wrath on the shore,  
Was all beauty and calmness a moment before !  
Was it the Spirit's vengeance gave  
Such fury to the crested wave ?  
His broken pledge that lent the might  
Of tempest to the waking night ?  
He stays—he asks not—with the speed  
Of storm-wing o'er the bending reed,  
He rushes to the spot, where first  
He heard the promise ;—blest or curst,  
He recks not which—he asks not why,  
For he feels the hour is come—to die !  
And there—oh ! sight appalling—there—  
(Like Death-hound crouching in its lair)  
The haggard form, with garment torn  
And hair dishevelled to the blast,  
As he had seen her on that morn,  
His eyes on earth had looked their last  
To do her bidding, met his eye ;—  
The Enchanted Ring she held on high,

The pledge of Cormac's broken faith ;—  
“ Now, by that furious water-wraith  
Thou'st summoned from her darksome cave,  
Mortal ! yon' water is thy grave !”  
And now the high waves, tempest-tost,  
Come trembling onward to the shore,  
E'en like a wild, disordered host  
That rallies 'mid the battle's roar  
It's broken columns ; while the white  
Spray, shivered like a banner-sheet  
That reels amid the maddening fight,  
Where foes in deadly grapple meet,  
Tosses, in shattered fragments high,  
Its folds of foam 'twixt earth and sky ;—  
With smile that played like flickering light  
Of dying lamp at dead of night ;—  
“ I am the Sprite,” she said ; “ Behold  
The Sprite, whose beauty thou hast seen  
Enshrined beneath those waves where gold  
And emerald crowned the Naiad Queen ;  
Oh ! vain amid this haggard form  
Those lineaments of light to trace—  
Vain as amid yon' bursting storm,  
To catch one glimpse of heaven's bright face—  
But thou hast disobeyed—forsworn  
A Spirit's proffered love in scorn,

Disowned the feeling—rent the tie  
That gave thee Immortality ;  
And though the treasures of earth and sky  
And water, in love were before thee laid,  
Fool ! thou hast chosen thy doom—to die,  
And clung to thine earth, where all things fade !”  
Nor more he heard or saw ; for now  
A heavy trance comes o’er his brow—  
Heavy and dull as that we feel  
When Death for ever sets his seal—  
The waves in lashing fury come,  
Like spectres, on in their shrouds of foam,  
Wrapping him each in its snowy wreath,  
Fit cerement for the halls of Death !  
And, as he sinks, lo ! this the sound  
That spreads, like mystic dirge, around ;—

*The Spirit-Dirge.*

Fare-thee-well—Fare-thee-well !  
Like Music from shell  
Thy spirit hath passed from Decay’s dark cell ;  
And down in the deep  
Oh ! soft be thy sleep,  
With the Moon to watch o’er thee, and Spirits to weep !  
Wail—wail for the Dead

On his watery bed,  
Life's quiver is broken—its arrow is sped !  
As the light of the Sun  
Parts when Day is done,  
So passeth Man's spirit when Life's goal is won—  
Of the stars that at eve  
Their gay bowers leave  
For the Midnight a tissue of radiance to weave ;  
Ere the Night fall  
In her cloudy pall,  
Not a single star will ye see of them all—  
E'en so, one by one,  
All faded and wan,  
Passeth away the brief morning of Man ;—  
Like dew from the flower,  
Sun-glance from the shower,  
And Time herself from Eternity's hour ?  
Like sound from the bell,  
Like grief from the knell  
We toll for the loved in their narrow-built-cell ;—  
So the soul to the Giver,  
As wave from the river  
To Ocean, flight taketh—away—and—for ever !

## EILEEN AROON,\*

## A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

[The beautiful Irish air, bearing the above title, is said to have originated from the following incidents.]

SUNSET's bright clouds are tinting with their dolphin-  
hues the West;

And peace is spread o'er heav'n and earth, sweet  
foretaste of that rest

Awaits the blesséd in the grave, when Life is past and  
gone,

And draws its twilight-curtain 'round, like the set of a  
summer-sun—

And groups of clouds are gathering to bid the sun  
“Farewell!”

In his tent of gold and purple spread, where daylight's  
glories dwell:

With their massive piles of light and hue, for their God  
they weave a crown

That burns with spirit-glory on, 'till his last ray goes  
down;

\* Sweet treasure of my heart.



And strew his path with brightness such as ev'ning  
    scarce can dim,  
All lustrous as the shadows of God's own bright  
    Seraphim—  
How like the image of his God to man, that glorious  
    sun,  
Though palled in storm and darkness, still the same  
    unchanging One ;  
We dare not look upon his glory through the  
    summer's-day,  
But, like the Cherub veiled, we turn our guilty eyes  
    away—  
Fountain of light and joy ! whose effluence is felt  
    where'er  
The warm sky spreads its sea of blue, or breathes the  
    summer-air ;  
Thou gladd'st alike the human heart, and the depths of  
    the scented flower,  
Just waking from the dreams of Spring to revel its  
    balmy hour ;—  
The mount, the vale, the sea, the stream, yea, heav'n  
    and earth proclaim  
Thee, the great type of God himself, the glory of His  
    name !  
The summer-sun was sinking with a soft and mellow  
    power,

The waves were hushed upon the stream, the leaves  
upon the flower ;

With calm and drooping wing the bird hied to its moss-  
built nest,

And sank to slumber, as it trilled its vesper to the  
West—

There lay a holy peacefulness on ev'ry object 'round,  
And Nature tuned her solemn hymn of ev'ry passing  
sound ;

The bird's low note—the rustling leaf—the gushing of  
the stream,—

All formed a melody might lull e'en an angel's dream,  
And bring to earth again that holy Sabbath from the  
skies

That fled our world for aye when Sin to Man lost  
Paradise.

Alone within her garden-bower sate the fair *Eileen*,  
Fairer by far than any flow'r that clustered there, I  
ween ;

For, pale as virgin-snow, the lily's hue was on her brow,  
And vermeil dyed her cheek, as roses blush at the night-  
bird's vow—

Yet, there were thought and sadness there, the early  
trace we find

When Passion woos the virgin-heart and leaves its  
scathe behind ;

Like music on th' Æolian that the winds in passing fling,  
And, dying, leave an echo sad still trembling on the  
string;

So sad, that though you heard the lay in joy and  
rapture speak,

You'd think the strings that echoed it in utterance must  
break—

Oh! such the young heart's music is, and such its  
earliest tone,

And scarce these bells have rung their first peal, ere  
their mirth is gone!

And *Eileen* gazed upon the sun, a tear bedimmed her  
eye

As she watched him slowly sinking down the glowing  
western sky;

For parted friends and sundered hearts in heav'n and  
earth behold

Types of dear ties long rent, and feelings long estranged  
and cold;

For a clouded star or moonbeam, and a faded flower or  
leaf,

Revive long-buried dreams,—they may be dreams of joy  
or grief—

And sad the words that fell from her, as, looking on the  
sun,

The slowly gath'ring twilight told her day was well-  
nigh gone;

“Farewell, farewell! thy parting beams, as they faintly  
gild the sky,  
Fall sadly on the heart, like those that light the dying  
eye;  
And, with them, pass to an unknown land the memories  
in this,  
That have numbed the soul with sadness, or enraptured  
it with bliss—  
There’s not a smile we’ve looked upon, and not a tear  
we’ve shed,  
Not a sweet word we’ve heard in Life, or muttered o’er  
the Dead;  
Yes, all the holy thoughts within our lonely hearts that  
dwell,  
Are centred in thy parting light—read in thy last  
farewell;  
Like those, who, in the graveyard, read the lines of  
Love’s own hand,  
And wake again the living from that silent Spectre-  
land—”  
And scarcely had she spoken, when there stood within  
the bower,  
The one who lent a sadness deepest to that holy hour;  
“Nay, why so sad, my *Eileen*?” said the youth, as  
fondly pressed,  
The maiden’s brow he kissed, that lay reclined upon his  
breast;

“ ’Twas not with tears thou met’st me, when, in happier  
days than now,  
Thine eye reflected all the truth that spoke in Love’s  
young vow ;  
No, no, thy smile was gladness then, and a sweet music  
came  
From ev’ry sound through day and night, that syllabled  
thy name,  
As the fragrant breath of Summer wafts to the lone  
exile’s strand,  
The odors that remind him of his far-off native land—  
Oh, *Eileen!* while I cling to thee, I feel that thou’rt  
mine own,  
To one, who in this cold bleak world, without thee, were  
alone ;  
Through ev’ry change my guiding-star, my friend in  
ev’ry fate,  
To smile on all my joys, or weep when I am desolate—  
To hear thee—see thee—call thee mine, is dearer far to  
me,  
Than even the lonely night-star to the mariner at sea !”  
She answered not her lover ; but the burning tears, that  
start  
And fall upon his bosom, speak the language of the  
heart ;  
That deep, unuttered language, that the eye can speak  
alone,

Like spirit-music heard far off at night, from hands  
unknown—

She raised her head,—her eyes on his were fixed with  
that deep truth

Which glads in this cold world awhile, alone the heart  
of youth ;

And the word, half-trembling on her lip, was broken with  
a sigh,

Whose image spoke in the gushing tear that dimmed  
her full, dark eye :—

“Thou deem’st me sad—To-night we part ; but not as  
yonder sun

Parts from the mountain and the vale to-day he shone  
upon ;—

The flower that shuts its leaves, or ere the parting ray  
declines,

Shall bloom afresh to-morrow, when the dawn of  
morning shines ;

And the stream that sleeps as Twilight pours her  
shadows on its breast,

Shall wreathe again its waves of gold when daylight  
streaks the East !

But parted hearts—oh ! what are they whose only hope  
is given

To break loved ties on earth, perhaps to meet again in  
Heaven ?

And what their lot?—the faint—faint hope that Death  
at last may come

To seal the faith by earth refused—yet treasured in the  
tomb !”

“And wilt thou, Eileen, think of me when gone?” the  
youth replied ;

And wilt thou in mine absence, keep thy faith as  
’trothéd bride ?

And wilt thou, like those flowers that close their perfume  
from the night,

Reserve its truth and faith, my Eileen, for the return of  
light ?”

“Ask all the deep-tried faith of woman—all her heart  
can give ;

Her passion, hope, despair, triumph—whether she die or  
live ;

And call upon the noblest name can bless the human  
heart

In the joyous hour when lovers meet—the anguished  
when they part,

Thou’lt find me true—Yes, Coulin ! true as though the  
holy spell

Of Priest had called down blessings from the heaven  
where they dwell ;

But ’t is not mine to give my hand as bride, nor mine to  
claim

For husband, when my kindred frown in anger on his  
name !”

The youth was silent : Thoughts that burned deep—  
deep in his stung soul,

Rose to his lip, half hushed, half spoken, while the tear  
that stole,

Had not the calm of grief that soothes the troubled soul  
it speaks,

But the sultriness of summer-rain, as the cloud in  
thunder breaks—

“ Is this thy last farewell, Eileen ? and is it thus we part ?  
And must I live to see another clasped to that dear  
heart ?

The exile’s thought—the captive’s chain, oh ! Eileen, I  
could bear,

Though my daily meal were famine, and my cup the  
burning tear !

This—this—and more ! but say not that my lot on  
earth should be

Like those who tread Life’s waste, and live alone in  
memory ;

As exiles pass from Paradise, and weep to think those  
strains

That came from Angel-harps are hushed for ever o’er her  
plains—”

She looked on him in sadness, while the shadows deep  
that fell,



(Dark images that vigil keep within the heart's lone cell)  
Lent holiness to beauty, like the passing shadow shed  
In Life's last moment, o'er the brow and visage of the  
Dead—

“Then let us part in sadness, Eileen! as though we'd  
never met;

The Sun, whose noon is darkness, must in clouds and  
anger set—

Yes, part as those to whom their hearts nor joy nor hope  
hath given,

Whose long—long day hath never known a single ray  
from heaven;

Oh! had we never loved—the fear—the danger this  
hour brings—

The anguish of the last hope that, 'mid all that's wrecked,  
still clings

To the last spar our fate hath flung upon Life's stormy  
wave;—

We'd not have known, but sunk content to the cold and  
peaceful grave—

Then part we now! I dare not hear thy parting-tone,  
nor bear

The thoughts that each loved tone revives in madness  
and despair;

I love thee, Eileen! may the God who gave us hearts to  
love,

Bless that last vow, where Truth and Faith alone reside  
—above !”

Their meeting was in sorrow, and their parting was in  
fear ;

Words answered not the maiden’s vow, ’twas sealed by  
Passion’s tear ;

Night brought back dreams to both, of joys for ever  
flown,

And Morn waked to their hearts a world wherein they  
were alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm is not more cheerless to the drifting wild-  
bird’s wing,

Nor Autumn’s breath more chilling to the flow’r that  
felt the Spring,

Nor the sinking bark more hopeless, when the wave and  
tempest rave,

Than parted hearts, who feel their only shelter is the  
grave—

And Eileen’s now alone : the light of other days is past,  
She feels upon Life’s darkest hour, her eyes have looked  
their last ;

The Present hath no joy—the Future like a dark waste  
lies,

And the heart, like bark dismasted, stands alone ’neath  
stormy skies ;

Well, better thus to sink at once—to break ere ev'ry  
    string  
Of joy and hope be snapped to which in this cold world  
    we cling.  
Oh! happy they, who've seen the worst—the darkest  
    Life can send,  
The hopeless heart—the blighted joy—the false and  
    heartless friend,  
Whose sky can give no blacker hue than that they now  
    behold,  
Whose hearts no winter darker than the Present, bleak  
    and cold;  
Who've gazed upon the stars of Life, and seen them one  
    by one  
Blotted by gath'ring Night, until the last pale watcher's  
    gone;  
And turned from heav'n to earth, and found Life's  
    gath'ring gloom  
Was darker far, than that which *hope* assigned the  
    cheerless tomb!  
Calmly they stand, resigned to fate; like those, who,  
    'mid the shock  
Of sky and wave, all silently survey the distant rock,  
Where the tempest's madd'ning fury drives them  
    steerless, hopeless on,  
'Till the last wild scream that strikes the heaven, tells  
    them all is gone!

And Eileen's now alone! yet no! There's not a light  
that breaks—

A passing sound, but Memory her mournful language  
speaks;

For broken hearts live in the Past, like weeping eyes  
that trace

On the cold tomb-stone, the form they loved, the smile  
that lit the face;

And Coulin's image still was there, like the light that  
falls from far

Deep on our hearts, from the holy urn of Ev'ning's  
silver star;

And it spoke to her in sorrow, and it knelt with her in  
prayer,

And she felt there was a rapture, less in joy than in  
despair—

But there's a deeper pang, perhaps, than the parting  
moment bears—

A pang too oft atoned by life or the heart's own  
burning tears,

A pang, that, once endured, for ever quenches hope and  
calm,

Too strong for life, and scarce in death the martyr finds  
a balm—

'Tis when the name we love as life, and cherish as our  
own,

Within whose holy spell is centred all we've felt and  
known

Of happiness, is slandered to the trusting heart and ear,  
And falsehood taints the purity our soul believed in  
here.

A year had passed—no tidings came, and not a word  
was spoken

By those around her of that name—that loved tie they  
had broken ;

By lips, save her's, that name unuttered—no eye, save  
her's, to weep

O'er that lonely grave they'd made her heart, and that  
dead one there asleep—

A long—long year had passed, and yet poor Eileen's  
heart was true,

As the mountain-snow doth mirror back each passing  
rainbow-hue,

Yet scarcely lingered there the hope that even the  
dying eye

Feels, once again to see the parted ere the hour to die—

\*The chain of silence now is shaken, and the spell that  
dwelt so long

Around the maiden, is dissolved by Murmur's busy  
tongue,

\* An Irish proverb.

And they whispered in her ear a tale of malice' darkest  
hue,

That hope would strive to think it false, though fear  
believes it true.

They tell Eileen, that absence hath a charm to soothe to  
sleep

For ever hearts and eyes that Love hath too oft taught  
to weep ;—

That change can give forgetfulness, and other eyes can  
win

From the heart the faith and warmth that passion hides  
so deep within,

That Love himself his changes hath, ev'n as the passing  
air

Which fans the flower to-day, to-morrow leaves it dead  
and bare,

And, like the bird of passage, seeking change of clime  
and sky,

Love suns himself in every beam that lights a lovelier  
eye!

And Eileen hears the tale that mounts, like madness to  
her brain,

And strives to crush out Coulin's image from her heart—  
but vain!

Vain for the heart to blot out that which Passion's hand  
hath writ,

Or break the bands that memory 'round the holy past  
hath knit,

'Tis the writing on Belshazzar's wall, and man may well  
despair

To blot the characters of light a God hath written there!  
False—false to her! oh! would that ere she'd given her  
heart to him,—

Ere, as now, that trusting heart was broken—that bright  
eye was dim,

She'd known that man was faithless, and that vows of  
breath were made,

And Love himself, like star-light in the water, but—a  
shade—

And Eileen's now deserted, and her heart is broken—  
lone,

And the reed she leant on, pierced it, and the voice,  
whose well-loved tone,

Like waters, heard by moonlight, came with tidings from  
that far

Far flowery world Love hath built beneath his evening-  
star,

Comes back on her, like those same waters, heaved and  
tossing high,

Whose moaning bears the tale of death and shipwreck  
to the sky—

Yes, yes, she feels the tale is true—"Coulin! I had  
been blest

Had thine own hand closed Eileen's eyes to their long—  
eternal rest,

Had thine own hand wrung the last drop that warms  
this breaking heart,

Than live to find thee false as now—or met thee—thus  
to part!

Oh! farewell, Truth, Religion's light—all that we hope  
or fear,

The Faith would light the future and the joys that wait  
us here;—

Farewell to every vow—to every tie that Passion binds  
'Round woman's heart they sport with as the ocean with  
the winds!

Farewell—farewell! 'twas but a dream,—but such, oh!  
ne'er was given,

Save only to those hearts whose joys had made this  
earth their heaven,—

A dream of sunshine and of flowers would woo an angel's  
eye

E'en from the God-made beauties that adorn his own  
bright sky!"

The spell's dissolved—the vow is broken—broken in one  
brief word;—



The vow that Love had breathed to her, and Faith  
herself had heard ;—  
And Eileen lives—yes, thus, may live the heart still in  
despair,  
As the harp may hang, though music's spirit dwell no  
longer there—  
There is no joy for Eileen, now,—no light is in her eye,  
The night to her is not more dark than noonday's azure  
sky ;—  
Nature hath closed on her that page she loved to read  
so well,  
Where all that's fair in heaven and earth in holy beauty  
dwell ;—  
The stream hath lost its music, and the violet its hue,  
And the stars no longer speak to her from heaven's  
depths of blue,  
The bird is silent, and there is no freshness in its wing,  
And Eileen hath forgot to feel, like a dull and senseless  
thing !  
Unheedingly she sits like one whose dreams are far  
away  
In other worlds, where Truth and Love can never know  
decay ;  
Her once bright eyes are full of tears, anon they are as  
dry  
As the parched earth of the desert 'neath a cloudless,  
burning-sky,

And her lips are seen to move, but still they mutter, aye,  
the same

Dear spell that conjures all the past—'tis false—false  
Coulin's name !

They've plucked the flower ;—'twere better far, than  
thus to leave behind

Its dry and withered leaves a prey to every passing wind,  
T' have rent it leaf by leaf from off the stem whereon it  
grew,

Than leave it, thus, to linger 'mid its fragrance and its  
hue—

And Falshood well hath played his part, and plausible  
the tale

Hath 'reft that heart of all its treasures—turned that  
cheek so pale ;

For not contented with the wreck of happiness and heart,  
Her fable's but the parent to a fouler—darker art ;

'Tis not alone estrangement from the heart was once her  
own,

From a heart so true, it loved her of all here—the best—  
'alone—

They seek ; but give her to another ;—a heart so cold—  
so dead ;—

As well they might have placed a corse at altar-step to  
wed !

In vain we listen for the nightingale's fond midnight-  
lay,

When the Gul's leaves are faded, and their beauty's  
past away—

Can the harp-string yield an echo when touched by a  
stranger's hand,

Can its soul pour forth its music from its own wild  
spirit-land,

No—no, the melody that woke the soul with master-key  
To deeds of olden time must die, like hushed wind o'er  
the sea !

But the world is dark and dreary, and Eileen's now  
alone,

And the summer-air hath not a breath nor human voice  
a tone

Can give her back those early dreams of life that once  
she felt,

When her own heart held the idol at whose shrine she  
daily knelt.

They tell the maiden she must wed—that she's forgotten  
now,

And they mock her pallor with the rose they 'twine  
around her brow,

And they tell her still she's beautiful as in Love's long  
by-gone prime,

When the bells of her bright morning rang out with  
their merry chime,

And her path was all of flowers, and her summer—one  
long day,

And her own heart mirrored beauties that her eye saw  
far away—

Oh! vain to twine again the garland 'round youth's  
sunny braid,

To weave past hours once more of leaves whose destiny's  
to fade,

Revive the ray that kindled once so brightly in the eye,  
And summon back the hues of morn to gild our sunset-  
sky ;—

Vain, vain as they who look in silence on the clay-cold  
face,

And think the soul and speech of Life here once again  
to trace!

And Eileen feels 'tis mockery to say she's lovely now,  
That light, as erst is in her eye, or grace upon her brow ;  
For she feels that both are faded now—yes, faded, oh !  
how soon !

Like early flowers that die or ere they taste the breath  
of June—

They speak to her of love, and still they press on her the  
theme,

And Eileen sits, unheeding, as though it were a  
dream ;—

The very word—the bridal-hour—the blithe and joyous  
throng,

The merrie bells—the blooming wreath—the brides-  
maids' welcome-song ;

Yes, all is there before her, even as Fancy's self can  
limn,

But she strains her eye for one alone, and calls alone on  
*him!*

\* \* \* \* \*

They have decked her robe with flowers, and her hair  
with many a gem,

But her eyes are cold and dull, they have no light, alas!  
like them,

And friends are pressing 'round her now with greetings  
kind and warm,

And knightly eyes are looking now with envy on that  
form,

And they wish her long and happy days, for Eileen's  
now a bride;—

But they see not the slow—unbidden tear she turns  
away to hide—

Oh! better have laid that trusting heart in the cold—cold  
bed of Death,

Than in Life's last moment, thus, have wrung from its  
core a perjured faith;

They have made it swear a vow to God that it never  
can fulfil,

While love reigns in that broken heart or Life's warm  
pulses thrill—

Well, mirth and revelry are there, and the bridegroom  
whispers low

Vows that might well have called the blush to another's  
cheek and brow,—

Yet Eileen answers not—no, no ! she sits, like a statue  
there

All silent, as the night-winds pass o'er Autumn's  
branches bare.

Now mirth and song wax high, and eyes flash light and  
joy around,

And merrily the dancers gay with measure beat the  
ground ;

When suddenly a pause is made to hear the strains that  
rise

From a minstrel old, who stands aloof in meek and  
lonely guise.

“And is it thus we part ?

Eileen Aroon !

Wilt thou, then, break this heart ?

Eileen Aroon !

'Mid hours of grief and fear,

If I but thought thee near

Sorrow forgot her tear,

Eileen Aroon !

Well, well, 'twas but a dream ;

Eileen Aroon !

Hearts, like the sunny stream,

Eileen Aroon !

A moment in light may play,

But, ere the noon of Day,

In darkness they glide away ;

Eileen Aroon !

Yet, would I dream again,

Eileen Aroon !

Though Love and Hope were vain—

Eileen Aroon !

Though of the garland twined

Scarce *one* withered leaf we find,

Yet, Memory's left behind,

Eileen Aroon !

Would I had died for thee,

Eileen Aroon !

Ere I had lived to see

Eileen Aroon !

Truth herself pledge her vow

With cold heart and shameless brow

Or meet one as false as thou,

Eileen Aroon !

Thou hast broken Love's fetter,

Eileen Aroon !

But *can* one love better,

Eileen Aroon !

Than he who remembers yet

That last lovely sunset

Where Eileen and Coulin met,

Eileen Aroon ?”

Hushed is the minstrel’s harp ;—its tones are still as  
though they ne’er

Had wakened Eileen’s slumbering heart, long frozen  
by despair ;—

Yes, hushed the harp ;—and many eyes in wonderment  
survey

That old and trembling form that sings youth’s saddest—  
sweetest lay ;

But a wild scream dissolves the charm—’Tis Eileen that  
they hear,

As she clasps her hands, and gazes on that hoary form  
with fear ;—

The minstrel’s robe is doffed—before them Coulin  
stands confest,

A moment—and he clasps Eileen to that fond and  
faithful breast !

One kiss—one burning kiss of Youth and Love, whose  
rays

Re-kindle now that embered flame that burned in  
by-gone days,



Is madly pressed upon that cheek, paler and paler  
growing,

As life's last drop, at every pulse, is ebbing fast and  
flowing ;—

Still parts her hair from that fair brow—supports her  
sinking head ;—

Upon her name he madly calls—*Eileen Aroon is dead !*

## THE SPIRIT-BRIDEGROOM.

### AN IRISH LEGEND.

CLANAWLEY'S towers are ruined and lone,  
     Not a sound in her halls is heard,  
 Save the grass, as it waves o'er the mouldering stone,  
 Or the ivy that mournfully answers the moan  
     Of the ominous midnight-bird.

No longer the minstrels of old Innisfail \*  
     Tune their harps at the festival board  
 To the fair light of beauty, and chivalry's tale,  
 When the Red Branch Knights † in harness and mail,  
     Drank a pledge to Clanawley's proud lord ;

For the curse of a Spirit hath been on those walls,  
     Like the tempest, to smite and to slay ;  
 And the shriek of the owl in her moss-covered halls,  
 And the echo that speaks from the stone as it falls,  
     Tells the tale of her long by-gone day—

\* An ancient name of Ireland.

† An ancient order of chivalry in Ireland.

Oh ! happy that day ; the last fair one that shone  
On those towers of stateliest pride ;  
For never saw morning a gladlier sun,  
Nor was bridegroom e'er gayer than he who had won  
Clanawley's fair child for his bride.

For many a suitor had striven to gain  
In wedlock the sweet Kathleen,  
But their vows and their pledges alike were vain,  
For O'Moore, of all that chivalrous train,  
Was the gallantest knight I ween.

And now ring out with a merrie peal  
The bells from the castle-wall ;  
And troops of Clanawley's clansmen leal  
Press on in their columns of flashing steel,  
Through battlement, tower and hall :

And many a pledge they quaff full deep  
Both to lord and to ladye bright ;  
The minstrels, full many a chord they sweep ;  
Some eyes they sparkle, while others they weep  
At the tale of wandering Knight—

“ Now pledge me, Clanawley,” the bridegroom cries,  
“ A full, brimming goblet of wine ;

May Time, in his noiseless course, as he flies,  
Fling never a cloud to dim those bright eyes !  
Clanawley ! to thee and to thine !”

“ And to *me* !” cried a voice ; “ aye, to me and to mine  
Now pledge me, Sir Knights, one and all ;  
For tearful and dim are the eyes that now shine,  
And the beautiful leaves of the garlands ye twine  
Shall be withered ere midnight fall !”

Like so many spectres, the guests they stand ;—  
Not a breath, not a whisper is heard ;  
’Tis as some Spirit from faërie land  
Had made, with a single wave of his wand,  
A grave of that festal board.

Full many an eye with terror I ween  
Is turned, the guest to see ;  
A stalwart knight of warrior-mien  
Is beheld, all dight in armor as green  
As the Ocean itself can be—

And the plume in his helmet it waves snowy white  
As the surf of the rock-beaten foam :  
“ Oh ! com’st thou to hallow or curse, Sir Knight !  
The bridal-knot with some mystic rite  
Thou’st brought from thine azure home ?”

No answer he makes, the stranger so bold,  
As he stalks to the banquet-board,  
And silently raises the goblet of gold,  
While the guests stand, like spectres, aghast to behold,  
And wanders each hand to its sword.

“Nay, never your hands on your swords, I pray!”  
Spake out the stranger, then;  
“The first that uplifts his blade, I’ll lay  
At my feet so low that the light of day  
Shall ne’er visit his eyes again!”

“Spirit or Devil!” the bridegroom cried,  
As his sword flashed forth from its sheath:  
“Decline not the combat thy taunt hath defied;—  
Draw, false-hearted lord! whatever betide  
I reck not—no, though it be Death!”

“Thou hast spoken it well, fair Knight! Be thy doom  
The dark word that fell from thee now;  
’Twere a pity, Sir Knight! so dreary a tomb  
Should enfold thee now, when bright garlands bloom  
To twine for the bridegroom’s brow.”

All blanched was the cheek of O’Moore, as there fell  
Those words of fate on his ear;

“Com’st thou to beard me from heaven or hell,  
With the breath of sprite or enchanter’s spell ?  
False lord ! I defy thee here.”

Not a word from the figure there passed in reply  
To the threat of the young bridegroom ;  
But on with proud mien it swept noiselessly by,  
While trembled O’Moore at the light that his eye  
Sent forth from beneath his white plume.

The bridegroom stood spell-bound and motionless : ne’er  
Was manhood so palsied as now ;  
While the figure swept onward he felt that the air  
Was as cold, as though Death were himself standing  
there :  
And the breath of his lips fanned his brow !

Now hushed was each harp that so late through the hall  
Resounded with chivalry’s tale ;  
They mutter their prayers as they see on the wall  
The dark shadow pass ; while Clanawley and all,  
Like spectres, each moment wax pale ;

With wonderment mute they still see it glide,  
Not a sound of its motion they hear ;  
Still onward it moves till it stands by the bride,

And clasps her cold hand, and close at her side  
Its dark secret it tells in her ear.

Her lips, how they tremble, how pale is her brow,  
As she feels the cold fan of his breath ;  
Is it a curse on her bridal-vow,  
Or a summons that warns fair Kathleen, that now  
Is the hour that dooms her to Death ?

Dispelled is the trance that had bound like a chain  
O'Moore, with its mystical ties ;  
To Kathleen he rushes, his bride to regain ;  
Cries the figure :—"Rash boy ! your attempt is but vain ;  
'Tis a *Spirit* your falchion defies !"

With passion as reckless and fierce as the storm  
O'Moore rushes full on the Knight ;—  
His sword stays uplifted, and nerveless his arm,  
And he feels that around there's a spell to disarm  
Soul and falchion alike of their might.

"Blame not, rash youth, for I told thee thy fate,  
Should'st thou dare thus my power to brave ;  
Thine arm, like an infant's, now shrinks from the weight  
Of thy sword, it was thine as warrior of late  
O'er thy foeman in triumph to wave ;

“She is mine—she is mine;—aye, ever mine own!

The joys of thy bridal are past;  
Change, minstrels! your song to the dirge and the moan  
When in prayer ye kneel by the cold—cold stone,  
That over the Dead ye have cast!”

All trembling and pale, the fair Kathleen, she lay  
In the arms of the bridegroom-sprite;  
Unopposed, unresisted, he bears her away,  
Like a beautiful flower the sunshine of day  
Hath op'd but to wither at night.

Now, frenzied with passion, O'Moore hurries on,  
Though he feels there's a seal on her doom;  
And a cloud never-setting hath darkened their sun,  
And his madness-flushed cheek is now grown as wan,  
As the fugitive-warrior's plume—

“Mortal or Spirit! whatever thou art;  
One word—but one word I implore!  
Let thy sword, like an ice-bolt, fall cold on my heart—  
Let me clasp my lost bride, e'en though now, when we  
part,  
To meet we are doomed never more!”

Like the swimmer's last groan as the tempest sweeps by,  
Like the Autumn-leaf whirled in the air;



Like the light Summer-foam Ocean tosses on high  
When the Storm-Spirit blots out the stars in the sky,  
Unheard falls the bridegroom's prayer—

All hushed and unheard doth it fall ; for a sound  
Comes on, like the Ocean's far boom ;  
And the air doth itself seem all vocal around,  
And the strong echo shakes the tremulous ground  
As they list to these words of Doom—

*The Wave-Sprites' Song.*

“ We have come—we have come, from the depth of the  
water,  
Clanawley ! to wed to a Spirit thy daughter ;  
And to steal from her cheek those flowers that bloom  
On your earth, but to deck for the lovely their tomb !  
Her brow shall be twined with the foam of the wave,  
And the gems of the garland we weave for Kathleen,  
Shall be ta'en from the depths of the bright coral-cave,  
Where are clustered the pearl, and the emerald green—  
Her couch shall be crystal, her bower be made  
Of flowers that Autumn's chill breath cannot fade ;  
And the moon and the stars of that world that rise,  
Shall be fed with the wavelet's innumerable dyes ;  
Shining on—shining on, like a summer-day's light,

Ere the Sun of your world yields his sceptre to Night—  
And harpings of Spirits shall soothe her soft sleep,  
Far sweeter than ever on mortal ear fell—  
And the voices of waves, from the cells of the deep,  
Shall re-echo the murmur that lies in the shell.  
Come then ! come down ! for thy bride-torch is  
lighted

From the sheen of the waves, as they gambol and dance  
With mirth, that thy faith to a Spirit is plighted,  
And blest by the joy of thine own sunny glance—  
Oh ! talk not of earth, nor its odors that fling  
Balmy sweetness around, like the honey-bee's wing ;  
For as quickly they fade as the sunlight, that cheers  
Morning's bud, but to leave it to eve's dewy tears ;  
They fade and they wither, the odor and flower,  
Both blooming and dying in one little hour !  
But with *us* there's a Spirit unchangeably bright,  
That grief cannot wither, and death cannot blight,  
As fresh as the Spirit of waves, when they break  
On the flower-dyed shore of the silvery lake,  
Meeting and parting, like friends who rejoice  
At the musical tones of a well-loved voice !  
A Spirit that lives still unchangeably on,  
Unwrinkled by Time, by sorrow or tears—  
Still bright when all else is faded and gone  
Like the vanishing shadows of long-buried years—

Come down then, come down—for thy bride-bed is  
    strown

With pearls the whitest beneath the green wave ;  
And thy slumber we'll lull with the loveliest tone  
That echo to Music on Earth ever gave !”

Now the rushing of waters is heard, and the boom  
    Of the storm, as with madness and might  
It envelopes the castle in terror and gloom,  
And threatens to make it one wide-yawning tomb  
    For the dead, on that fearful night !

And the storm it rages—the waters they rave  
    In the tempest's dark pauses between ;  
The Maid is betrothed to the Sprite of the wave,  
And the Night-moaning Banshee weeps over the grave  
    Of the lost and the lovely Kathleen.

## THE DEATH-KISS.

AN IRISH SUPERSTITION.

THERE'S feasting in the Chieftain's hall, the wassail-bowl  
 goes round,  
 And minstrelsy its song and tale sends forth with merrie  
 sound,  
 And the Chieftain's brow looks brighter than full many a  
 day before,  
 For Night will see his daughter bride to young Mac  
 Connal More.  
 And now at her mirror stands the fair, while many a  
 serving maid  
 Range the bright jewels o'er her brow, and twine the  
 sunny braid—  
 A sight, oh ! lovelier far, than e'er to mortal eye was  
 given,  
 Save when it rests in worship on a single star in heaven.  
 She gazes on the mirror as the young Narcissus, when  
 He looked upon the wave that gave his beauty back  
 again ;

And like the youth, you would have thought the image  
that was there

Had all this earth could ever give of beautiful and fair :  
That Fancy needed not to think an Angel-form had  
strayed

From Heaven, and in that mirror's depth its resting-place  
had made !

Ah ! earth hath stars as heaven, and the mists that round  
them play

Like the bluish haze that rests upon a lovely summer's  
day—

Forewarn the young and beautiful their lot is grief and  
pain ;

As that same haze that gilds the noon, ere eve may fall  
in rain :

Fair girl ! as thou gazest on thy mirror's brightness, now,  
A death-chill hovers near thine heart—a shadow o'er thy  
brow ;

The gems thou wearest wax as pale and dim as though  
they lay

Clasped in the mine's embrace, and shut out from the  
light of day ;

And thine eye is growing glazed and cold, and the lustre  
once it shed

Is waning like a taper in the chamber of the Dead !

“Unbrace my girdle!—’Round my heart a weight is  
pressing sore :

Mine eyes grow dark—God ! is it Death ! Oh ! tell Mac  
Connal More

My last—last word was breathed for him—for him I love  
alone ;

Oh ! may he find another, true as I when I am gone !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now tolls the castle-bell, but not as blithely as of late ;  
And troops of mourners flock around the chieftain’s castle-  
gate ;

And the wild Caoine, \* like leaves that murmur on the  
wintry gale,

Sends far and near upon the wind its sad and stifled  
wail—

A wail so sad, you would have thought the very winds  
sent forth

Their requiem low and solemn for the beautiful of Earth !

Oh ! ’tis a melancholy sight to see the cold clay o’er

The young so early dead who were all loveliness before.

The dawn of a bright sun in clouds and darkness gulphed  
so soon,

Which, had it run its course, oh ! might have worn a  
glorious noon ;

A flower pulled, or ere it knew a single passing ray

Of the light that warms and paints the leaf from the  
tender hand of Day ;

\* Irish cry.

A rainbow-hue just blotted out from the gentle summer-  
sky,

So fleeting that we see in it the doom of man—to die !  
And yet so bright we'd almost think that in its bright-  
ness lay

All that the hand of God could show of Heaven's  
eternal day.

A star just glittering on the edge of evening's russet train,  
Sparkling in Heaven's loveliness ; but when we look  
again

An envious cloud hath quickly passed, extinguishing for  
aye,

The holy lamp that Night had lit upon the tomb of Day !  
Well, let them go ; 'tis better thus in purity to die,  
Like clouds that melt in mist, or ere their journey thro'  
the sky

Be half done ; better far to fall in young and guileless  
years,

Than live a life of guilt to God—ourselves, of pain and  
tears.

Who—who can weep the early dead ;—those angel-forms  
but given

To light the earth a moment with bright meteor-beams  
from heaven ;

Sweet strains from angel-harpings, whose glad echo still  
is heard

In the music of the summer wind—the matin of the bird,  
And all the lovely sounds that earth affords ; oh ! what  
are *they*

But the voices of the loved and dead, gone far—oh ! far  
away ?

And now with melancholy step the funeral array  
Of Eveleen, to the lone churchyard doth slowly wend its  
way ;

And prayers are muttered—eyes are weeping—mourners'  
hands are wrung,

And the burden of the wild Caoine in sadd'ning chorus  
sung ;

The autumn winds wail lonely, and the withered autumn  
leaf

Doth sadly rustle through the air in answer to their grief ;  
And cypress-boughs are waving in the melancholy wind,  
Leaving as they pass, the groan of sorrow deep behind.

Mac Connal More in silence walks by that dear maiden's  
bier,

His arms are folded on his breast—his eyes without a tear :  
And his lips they move so silently you could not tell that  
there

Grief breathed her solemn accents or the humbler tones  
of prayer ;

But there's a quiver on the lip, and a shrouding of the eye  
That tells the struggle of the soul, oh ! more than the  
bursting sigh ;



A cold and fearful shudder, that like thunder in the sky,  
Forewarns the worn traveller, the tempest draweth nigh.  
And they fall—they fall—the strong man weeps the  
tears that children shed

When first they look affrighted on the pale face of the  
dead.

The purest tributes Nature gives to childhood's frolic-  
hour,

Pure as the dew that feeds the drops of April's golden  
shower!

Oh! weep not, youth! for every tear you shed in  
sadness now

An angel weaves a flower undying to bind that Sister's  
brow,

And a smile is on her lips, and a glad beam in her eye  
That tells the ransomed of the Saviour—it is sweet to  
die!

Now halts the sad procession by the dark brink of the  
tomb,

And mourners gather 'round the corse in their sable  
weeds of gloom,

To hear the churchman's prayer ascend in tones so low  
and deep,

For the soul of her, whose sorrows now in Abraham's  
bosom sleep.

And the deep "Amen!" is faltered low from lips that  
scarce can speak,

While the burning tear flows silent down the warrior's  
pallid cheek !

"Ashes to ashes—dust to dust !" those solemn words  
the while

Are uttered, and the clay upon the lonely dead they  
pile.

The young and old kneel on the grave, and leave behind  
the dew

Of tears that keep alive the bloom in flowers that they  
strew ;

One long last look upon the grave—one prayer for her  
that's gone,

And the tomb and tenant both are left in the drear  
churchyard alone !

Yet not alone—there is a Faith within the heart whose  
ties

Live fresh and green as once they bloomed, though all  
around them dies,

Green as the last bright leaf that clings to Autumn's  
faded bower,

And bringing back the buried dreams of its blooming  
Spring-tide hour,

Decking her faded robe with hues of crimson and of  
gold ;

Spring's latest child still lasting through the Winter  
drear and cold !

Yes, there's a Faith that cannot die;—that lives, though  
ties be riven,  
And hearts be sundered, like the stars eternally in  
heaven;  
Whose light, though quenched by passing cloud, it for  
a moment dies,  
Yet, like the God who made them, shine for ever in the  
skies !  
A Faith we cannot quench, nor break, for Religion's holy  
hand  
Around it sheds a power it brings from yonder Better  
Land,  
That gives the broken heart the hope, its scattered  
feelings may  
Be centred in the light undying of Eternal Day;  
As gleams of sunlight on the wave, when the storm  
rages high,  
Though broken by the waters, find their fountain in the  
sky.  
Such is Mac Connal's faith ;—he stirs not from that lone  
and simple heap,  
But sits him by the Dead, resolved a vigil sad to keep ;  
And shed those tears that Sorrow loves to shed unseen—  
alone,  
Or in the chamber of the Dead or by the cold tomb-  
stone,

Tears blest by God as are the prayers of those "in secret  
heard"

By Him, who, through his Son, said, He would "openly  
reward."

Now wanes the night fast, yet MacConnal clings to that  
lonely spot;

Unheeding all around him;—forgetting and forgot;—

He lists not to the night-wind, nor the echo that it  
bears

To the darkened tale his bosom pours of agony and  
tears;

He scarcely knows he lives, but feels within a rankling  
pang

That gnaws the Life-bloom from his heart like adder's  
venomed fang.

"Oh, would to God that I were dead, dear Eveleen!"  
he cried,

"Would that, for thee, my bonny one, Mac Connal  
More had died!

For thou hast left a void within—around—where'er I see  
The heaven or earth—nay, the bright flowers that tell  
me, Sweet, of thee.

We look not for the sun when clouds sweep o'er the  
stormy sky,

Nor look we for a sunny glance when tears obscure the  
eye;

Nor, when the string is broken, dare we hope for one  
sweet tone

Would give us back the memory of moments past and  
gone!

Vain—vain, dear Eveleen! to hope thy form again to  
see;—

I shall pass to the cold grave, but thou'lt ne'er return to  
me!"

He flung himself upon the grave—raised up his voice  
and wept,

And through the silent midnight deep a lonely watch he  
kept;

When lo! a voice upon his ear—so heavenly sweet it  
came,

The mourner almost thought he heard an angel in his  
dream!

“Dry—dry thy tears—there are others as fair

As mortal eye hath seen;

With eyes as blue—as sunny hair

As buried Eveleen.

And their's the breath the flower breathes

Out from its odorous cell,

Their's the immortal hand that wreathes

The bower where spirits dwell!

Time lingers not with them, but flies  
On wings of light and mirth ;  
Refreshing with its touch the dyes  
That wither on *your* earth !

And day to day sweet music weaves  
Her chain of spirit-sound ;  
All-beautiful as Summer-leaves  
Fling harmony around.

Death is not there—we shed no tears  
For the reaper's fallen grain ;  
For spirits we are, whose wings, through years  
Eternal, never knew stain !

Then, away with me, my fair bridegroom !  
To my home in yonder sky ;  
See—see, already I wing my plume  
For my homeward flight on high !”

Is it a dream, or doth his ear drink in that spirit-sound,  
From the grave where lies his dead bride ? Still it  
pours its sweetness 'round,  
And 'round in many a mazy wind its harmony it  
flings,  
As evening lends her echo to the sweet Æolian's strings.

It *is*—it *is* truth—not a dream,—for as he turns his  
eyes

Upward, he sees a maiden, lovely tenant of the skies!  
Around her brow a halo hovers—bright celestial flame  
Of beauty, such as decked the angels when to earth they  
came,

Won by her beauteous sons and daughters from their  
realms above,

To give, for *one* hour's earthly bliss, Eternity of love—  
And a smile played 'round her vermeil lip, like that the  
man of sin

Sees in his dreams, when angels welcome the repentant  
in ;—

While her eye, like morning-star, whose light by dew is  
half-concealed,

Seemed as it could have wept a tear the eye-lid half-  
revealed ;—

“And dost thou weep a buried faith, poor mortal that  
thou art ?

And dost thou think the gnawing worm will spare the  
buried heart ?

Canst thou re-lume the eye, whose light is quenched in  
the dark grave ?

As well thou might'st go trace the Moon's bright kingdom  
in the wave ?”

Oh ! they were tones of music, such as the wrapt spirit  
hears

In the lone midnight when holding commune with the  
    starry spheres,  
When from star to star a language floats; and, though  
    the holy sound  
We hear not, yet we feel there is an angel-spell around—  
Silent and wrapt Mac Connal stands in deepest wonder-  
    ment,  
Whether he stood in presence of a spirit heaven-sent—  
“Oh! mock me not with visions bright of that blessed  
    Land afar,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling and at rest the  
    weary are;  
And the blinded eye forgets its tear, and the broken  
    heart its load,  
And the wretched turn from earth to seek their happiness  
    in God!  
Oh! if it be to die, I pray now stretch thy hand and  
    smite,  
And let my Eveleen and I together sleep to-night!”  
The spirit smiled and said: “Fair Youth! my mission’s  
    not of Death;  
I would not see one die so young, whose early-plighted  
    faith,  
Like flower unblown hath scarcely tasted the sweet dew  
    and light,  
Ere every leaf hath felt the canker-sting and Autumn-  
    blight,



I would not see a faith so true as thine so early die,  
A faith entwined by all that's pure and strong in human  
tie ;

I would not see it perish thus, or given to her who now  
Lies cold alike to Passion as she's deaf to its warm  
vow."

" Yes—yes !" he cried, " I'd have it buried there beneath  
the pall—

Yes, let it lie there ;—all I've felt—my faith—my  
passion—all !"

She takes his hand—she breathes upon him—lo ! a  
change appears,

A smile lights up those eyes, but now suffused and dim  
with tears,

As Morning's bursting sunshine its bright dawn of  
freshness sheds

When flowers shake off the evening-dew and raise their  
drooping heads ;

And, as her lips are pressed to his, a thrill darts through  
his frame,

As Lava fills its fiery path with fierce volcanic flame,

And his mind is filled with dreams so beautiful they  
seem of heaven,

While his heart is braced with that strong faith to none  
but martyrs given ;—

Oh ! is this passion—is it madness thus transports his  
brain,

Or is't a new Life coursing subtly thus through every  
vein,

That fixes eye and soul in love and terror thus on her  
Who makes a lost and broken heart, like his, a  
worshipper?

Where is the faith but now he pledged to her who lies  
so low?

Where are the tears—the promises—the unsealed bridal  
vow?

*Forgotten!* "Pledge me, now," she said, "thy faith  
upon my hand,

That, ere a month, thou'lt meet me here, Mac Connal,  
where we stand;

With a faith as pure and lasting, and a heart as strong  
and bold

As thou swor'st to her whose ashes lie beneath us stark  
and cold!"

"I swear—I swear!" the youth replied; and, as he spake  
the word,

An echo from the graves around, like music faint, was  
heard,

And she was gone—       \*       \*       \*       \*

'Tis midnight deep in the chieftain's hall, and midnight's  
deep repose

Broods silently, where late the cheer of bridal mirth  
arose;

And warriors gather 'round to look their last upon the  
chief;—

Not as before, with eye of pride, but agony of grief;  
For that spirit-kiss hath dried his blood, like grass  
beneath the sun,

And an early grave doth yawn for him whose sands are  
nearly run!

“Dry up your tears,” the dying said, “I’m passing to  
my doom;

No more you’ll see my falchion flash—no more your  
Chieftain’s plume

Shall cheer ye 'gainst your foemen, where the thickest  
fight is seen;—

Farewell, my warriors! lay me by my buried Eveleen!  
In life I loved her—my last thought to her in life I  
gave;—

Let hearts, this world divided, be united in the grave!”  
He said—the dying Chieftain bowed his head upon his  
breast,

Nor more can say, for the parting soul is speeding to its  
rest;

The eye is glazed—the lips grow wan,—and the pulse is  
ebbing slow,

And the pallor of that death-kiss overspreadeth cheek  
and brow;—

Now mournfully the Banshee wails the chieftain dead  
and gone,

All sadly as the withered tree returns the midnight-  
moan ;  
And the silence of the death-room giveth answer mute  
and deep  
To those solemn notes that 'round the grave lull Death's  
eternal sleep,  
Like mystic messengers that rise from the chambers of  
the tomb,  
With tales of the forgotten Dead who sleep within its  
womb.  
And now once more at the castle-gate standeth the  
funeral-train ;  
And the castle-bell once more peals forth its dead and  
solemn strain ;—  
A month since on that spot there stood the funeral-  
cavalcade ;—  
A month since in the cold—cold earth, sweet Eveleen  
was laid ;  
A little month hath passed since tolled that castle-bell  
before,  
And now is heard the same sad peal for dead Mac Con-  
nal More !  
The grave is dug by Eveleen's—the spot wherein he  
prayed  
His ashes might repose with her's—his heart by her's be  
laid ;

Meet resting-place for those whose stars in darkness have  
gone down,

Whose harvests here on earth in tears and sorrow have  
been sown ;—

Whose hearts, sustained alone through Life, by the  
cheering light of Faith,

See their first sunrise in the hour that draws the veil of  
Death !

Now side by side they rest—the loved, the loving, and  
the dead ;

The bridal, earth denied, fulfilled within that narrow  
bed ;—

And, as they throw the dust on both, a low and fearful  
sound,

Half-tears—half-music rises from beneath the burial-  
ground ;

“Thine oath is kept—I told thee that the green sod  
and the stone

Would be thy fate, Mac Connal! *ere a single month  
had gone !*”



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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## BELSHAZZAR.

FOR seventy years had Israel worn the Chaldee's galling  
chain,  
And many an eye was wrung with grief, and heart was  
bowed with pain ;  
And tears of bitterness atoned the Temple's splendor  
gone,  
And Zion's hill, where God had placed the glories of his  
throne—  
Oh ! often by Euphrates' stream the mourning Hebrew  
strayed,  
Anon he woke the long-hushed harp—anon he wept and  
prayed ;  
But sullen echoes answered from Euphrates' gloomy  
waters,  
Echoes that mocked the heart-wrung grief of Jewry's sons  
and daughters.  
Sad echoes that recalled the days when Jehovah's mighty  
Hand,  
Guided them through the Red Sea waves all safe as on  
dry land,  
Reviving to the eye the darkened glories of Sinai,

Rocked to its base beneath the burning tread of Adonai ;  
'Mid thunderings and lightnings gleaming on that God-  
writ stone,

While the Prophet's face, as he descended, like a Glory  
shone ;

Echoes that brought back the land where milk and  
honey flowed,

And Jordan's stream yet destined for the baptism of God,  
The conquered Hivite—Jebuzite ; and Gideon's—Joshua's  
sword,

Cities and heroes prostrate by the might of Israel's Lord ;  
The bright Shechinah that once burned between the  
Cherubim

For aye withdrawn by God ; its place once glorious, dark  
and dim !

Sad images were those that rose from echoes as they  
strayed,

'Mong strings that lent the exile's harping Music's darkest  
shade ;

Upon the willow hangs the harp, the minstrel can but weep  
At the sad notes that through the strings in fitful pauses  
sweep—

“Shall the conquered sing the song of Zion in a  
stranger-land ?

How *can* we sing the Lord's song at a conqueror's  
command ?

Oh ! Babel's daughter ! happy he who in vengeance for  
our groans,  
Shall dash thy godless children down, aye—even to the  
stones !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Bright were the lamps that burned within Belshazzar's  
festal-hall,

And cup and garland twined their blush at that high  
carnival ;

And feasting and rejoicing all held high and impious  
sway,

As though no night of judgment were to close that  
Godless day :

The gold and silver vessels that the Temple of the Lord  
On Zion's hill adorned, decked now the heathen's festal-  
board,

And feasting and Religion there had twined their fearful  
spell

For they had given these holy vessels to their idol, Bel.

“Bring forth those golden vessels !” cries the king, full-  
flushed with wine,

“That my father bore in triumph from the Hebrews'  
gorgeous shrine ;

And let us in their *own* bright gold and silver goblets  
drain

Honor and glory to the hand that wove the Hebrews'  
chain !”

Forth brought they then the vessels, and they fill them  
up with wine,

And joyous echoes rang, as drank king, peer, and  
concubine,

Forgetting not to mingle with the madness of that hour,  
Blasphemies on Jehovah's name, and insults to His  
power ;

For they no longer deemed Him true in promise, act, or  
word

Who gave his favored people to captivity and sword !

"Fill high, fill high—let every cup brim with its  
sparkling freight !

'Tis not for kings to crouch, like men, at word of Death  
or Fate—

Kings are immortal—" While thus spake a flattering  
lord, behold !

A dazzling light, like rainbow, fell around those cups of  
gold ;

And fear and trembling fell on all, and the speaker stood  
like one

God's long-staid hand in judgment smote to semblance  
as of stone ;

For his jewelled fingers pointed, and his eyes they shone  
like glass,

When wizard-wand makes spectre-forms in silence o'er it  
pass !

They looked, and lo ! upon the wall the finger of a man  
Traced mystic lines that human eye that night might  
never scan,

“ Over against the candle-stick,” upon the palace-wall,  
Belshazzar saw the part that wrote, *but did not see it all* ;  
Then troubled were his thoughts, and lo ! how pale his  
visage grew,

As on the marble monument ye see Death’s pallid hue ;  
Wailing and moaning rest upon that festive groupe,  
where now

Joy thrilled on every lip, and pleasure lighted every  
brow ;

The wine no longer sparkles, and the cups untasted  
stand,

While fixed as marble’s every eye upon that cloudy  
hand ;

Muffled in mantle every face—bowed every knee in  
prayer,

Such prayer as doomed souls mutter—half in fear and  
half despair,

While an icy chillness rests on all, as though they feel  
the breath

Of one whose home, though now on earth, was in the  
Land of Death !

Then started from his trance the king, and gazed upon  
the crowd,

That seemed not guests—but worshippers, for every  
knee was bowed ;

And, as he saw the palsied hand, and the lip spell-bound  
with fear,

His stubborn knees, they almost bend, for he felt that  
God was near ;—

Then spake he :—" Call the Magi ! Let Chaldea's seers  
declare

The mystery of good or ill a God hath written there ;  
And he that shall the tidings of that writing dark  
unfold,

With scarlet shall be clothed, and wear a chain of  
massive gold !"

Lo ! entered then, the Magi ; while the anxious eyes of  
all

Passed quickly from the Soothsayers to the writing on  
the wall,

Both lip and cheek were bloodless, and chill terror held  
the breath

Of each one, as he paused to hear a message as from  
Death !

Long space the Magi strove to disentwine the mystic  
chain

That bound those words from human eye ; but all their  
lore was vain—

Now heavier shadows fell upon Belshazzar's livid face,

Shadows of fear and pain that in the dying you may  
trace ;  
His lips, they muttered half in prayer, with hands, like  
iron, bound  
In prayer's convulsive grasp, he looked in agony  
around ;—  
It was the wrung and anguished speech that silence  
*more* than tells,  
For in its muteness, as a shrine, the soul's deep suffering  
dwells !  
As thus they stood, King, peer, and concubine, like those  
within  
The cities of the plain, awaiting the dread doom of sin,  
The Queen, with voice like spirit blessed, the grave-like  
silence brake ;  
“Oh, King ! for ever live and from this trance awake—  
awake !  
Let not thy thoughts, thus, trouble thee, nor Sorrow  
fling her veil  
Athwart thy brow, like Mourning, o'er the dead one cold  
and pale ;—  
For lo ! there's one, my Son ! within thy kingdom who  
can read  
All mysteries that Bel and Nebo on Belshazzar have  
decreed,  
ne whom thy father master made of all Chaldea's seers,

For in *him* the spirit of the gods, like Wisdom's self,  
appears !

Let Belteshazzar now be called, and he will straightway  
show

What means this mystic messenger that makes thee  
tremble now ?”

Then was Daniel brought before the King ; and thus  
Belshazzar said :—

“Speak ! art thou of those conquered tribes my father  
captive led

In years by-gone, from Jewry ?” “Lo ! thy servant is thy  
slave ;—

What can a captive give, oh King ! his Conqueror  
would have ?”

The King spake not : but raised his quivering finger  
where the hand

Stood still and misty, like a herald from a dim and  
distant land ;—

E'en such a herald heaven might send, 'mid pestilence  
and war,

To open long-closed phials from some dark, malignant  
star, .

When nations veil the heart—no longer clouds of incense  
rise,

And the sun looks too weak and wan to light the  
morning-skies !



But Daniel gazed unblenching, for his trust was in his  
God,  
Whether amid the furnace-flames, or lions' den he trod ;  
For martyr-like baptized in flames was Daniel's holy  
faith,  
And purged with flames he stood, and wore the martyr's  
holy wreath !  
" Oh King ! our God most High and Mighty, gave thy  
father's crown  
The choicest gifts of Heaven—glory, honor, and renown,  
And with thy Sire, where'er he went, were majesty and  
awe,  
His very frown was conquest, and his iron will was law !  
All nations and all languages, they feared and trembled  
too,  
For whom he would, he spared alive, and whom he  
would he slew !  
But when, in self-reliance, he forgot his trust in God,  
And in very pride his head was raised above the earth  
he trod,  
When in self-glory of the flesh his pride was lifted up,  
Then did God's long-staid hand first mingle tears within  
his cup ;—  
Yes, shame and sorrow were thy Sire's, when from the  
haunts of men  
Sent forth to seek a home, he found it in the wild beasts'  
den,

And with the oxen, he ate grass—with dew he quenched  
his thirst;—

And thy Sire, oh King! to herd with beasts, was for  
his pride accurst!

Now mark what I areed thee, King! thy father's crime  
is thine,

Thy soul is lifted up against the Majesty Divine;  
Of old the angels forfeited their high estate for pride,  
Look round thee, King! and say hast *thou* not God  
thyself defied?

What see I here, amid these gold and silver vessels  
piled,

But God himself insulted, and His Holy Shrine  
despoiled?

What see I here, amid these cups of silver and of gold,  
But King and Victor both his proud and swelling heart  
unfold?

What see I, amid revelry, and song, and dance, and  
wine,

Save blasphemy on those things God Himself hath made  
Divine?

And now, oh King! prepare thee in this last and fearful  
hour

To read a message in yon' hand from God's insulted  
power!"

He said: but, ere the holy herald had his mission given

Behold around a radiance, as though each world in  
heaven

Had registered that moment with its own immortal light,  
Ere Babylon for ever sank to ruin and to night !

And, 'mid that glory radiant as from God's own beaming  
throne,

Lo ! these the words that met the glassy eye of every  
one :—

“ Mene-Mene-Tekel-Upharsin ” traced in living light,  
As was, in Israel's wanderings, the pillared fire by night.  
Now ev'ry eye on Daniel's turned, from Monarch to the  
seer,

But ev'ry lip hangs questionless, so palsied 'tis with fear ;  
And those cheeks, whose blush but now outvied the  
wine within the gold ;—

God ! are they spectres now that stand—so wan they  
look and cold !

'Twas then that Daniel spake—“ Beware ! Chaldea's  
hour is come ;

In yonder writing, King and people ! read Chaldea's  
doom ;

Thyself and kingdom, guilty King ! are in the balance  
weighed,

But wanting found, and given to the Persian and the  
Mede !”

E'en while he spake, a trumpet-blast rang on the  
midnight-air ;

Oh! then within those guilty walls were wailing and  
despair,  
And gnashing teeth—and smitten breasts—and curses—  
prayers—and cries,  
Such as from Hinnom's bloody vale, and Tophet's depths  
arise,  
When parents, with their *own* hands, give their strangled  
babes to Bel,  
That ev'n Religion's self hath made her shrine and vale  
*a Hell!* \*

Another blast—another—is the right arm of the Lord  
Uplifted thus, in wrath so soon to verify His Word?  
Fall in the dust, proud Babylon! Call on the rocks to  
hide  
Thy lazar-house of guilt and sin—thy leprosy of pride;  
Where are the gods, Belshazzar! now, that girded once  
thy throne?  
Vain, vain to summon to thine aid those blocks of wood  
and stone,  
Bel croucheth—Nebo stoopeth, and their shrines are  
broken down,  
For hark! the True God cometh now, with sceptre and  
with crown,  
Comes on the midnight-storm's dark wing with trumpet-  
blast, and sword,—

\* Gehenna, the Greek for Hinnom.

Bow down, thou kingly worm ! bow at the footstool of  
thy Lord—  
Comes to accomplish His dread wrath in ages past  
decreed,  
Give place, ye king and people, to the Persian and the  
Mede !

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## THE SEA.

OH glorious Sea—Thou fine old Sea,  
Nurse of Death and Mystery !  
How many a legend solemn and old  
Could thine azure page unfold,  
From the dawn of the world,  
When first the heave  
Of the torpid wave  
Was to Life unfurled,  
When the first storm from God came sweeping down  
Dark mirror of its Master's frown,  
Bursting the chain  
That bound the main,  
Flung there by Chaos' old and trembling hand,  
To part thy wild dominion from the Land.

Mother of terrors dark and deep,  
How many in thy pulseless bosom sleep ;  
    Sons and daughters,  
    Each earthly tie  
    Rocked by thy waters  
For ever in Death's songless lullaby !  
Mother of terrors ! when arise thy waves  
In yesty triumph o'er the swelling tide ;  
Clapping their hands like liberated slaves,  
Who've dashed but now their manacles aside,  
    In that dark hour  
    Of demon-power,  
How they climb the strong bark,  
Prow and stern and shroud,  
Rising and sinking, like the Ark  
Upon the mighty Flood ;  
Still up the waves in deadly phalanx climb,  
As arméd hosts in battle-time  
    Besiege a town ;—  
Rending—scattering mast and sail  
    'Mid shriek and wail,  
The last prayer answered by the sky's dark frown.

And now thou liest in slumber mild,  
Tranquilly as a little child,  
    Whose breathing's scarcely heard,

Like summer-wind that plays the trees among,  
    Their mazy bowers twined  
    With the bright wreaths of Angel-song ;  
        Oh ! strange  
        The change ;

Thy waves no longer now in masses piled,  
Like ensigns after battle—torn—despoiled,  
But now thy gentle ripples play  
Into the sunshine far away,  
And over thine azure floor they dance,  
Meeting and parting in each sunny glance.  
Like the sweet bridal of Music and Light  
In the beam of the Moon on a calm Summer-night ;  
    Oh ! how subdued ;  
    No Summer could  
Breathe deeper calmness over Tropic isles  
Than thou, Old Ocean ! with thy countless smiles.

Rich are Earth's mines ; with thee no measure  
Can count thy hoards of sunken treasure,  
    From the first hour Phœnicia broke  
    The strong tyrannic yoke  
Of earth that fettered human hearts and minds ;  
    The hour when the first timid oar  
Trembled amid the waters, far from shore,  
    Startling the Deep  
    From its centuried sleep ;

Guiding the wanderers safe 'mid waves and winds—

Aye, from that hour thy womb hath been  
The treasure-house of all the earth hath seen  
Of rich and beautiful from India's shores,

Where far Cathay

Hives golden stores,

E'en to the regions of the closing Day,

Where Spanish Avarice sought her piles

Of gold 'mid India's balmy isles ;

Peruvian gold—the gems of Giamschid,

Yea, the wealth of worlds beneath thy miser-waves is hid !

But what the wealth thou'st garnered, as thy spoil,

To the vast human pile

Have made their graves

In thine undug, yet ever-yawning tomb—thy waves ;

Thou hast them there—the Dead,

Each in his mould'ring bed ;

And thou canst well to Death reply,

As through the world his venom'd arrows fly—

“*I am the conqueror—behold my slaves !*”

What ! could not *one* suffice

In God's own image made,

For thy relentless sacrifice,

With groans and smothered supplications paid ?



No—no—for countless cries,  
'Mid death-wrung tears,  
Have struck the skies  
Eternal through the zodiac of thy years :  
And world on world  
Of beating hearts and weeping eyes  
Thy tempests have hurled  
Down—down from the light of the skies.  
Oh ! when thou risest in thy mountain-might,  
Pity within thy depths seeks endless Night !

There is scarcely on earth a single spot  
By the loving and living forgot,  
A spot where weeping Friendship cannot find  
Those memories dear the Dead have left behind,  
The smile—the tear—the kind and gentle word  
Kindling the soul-lit eye, or ere 'twas heard,  
The music of the voice  
Making the heart rejoice,  
Waking to happiness its hidden springs,  
As when the Angel came  
With healing on his wings  
To cheer the broken-hearted—heal the blind and lame ;  
Oh ! sweet the memories ; sweeter far the tears  
When on her bosom the green mound appears,  
Piled by Affection's hand,  
To those of the Spirit-Land,

And decked with flowers that seem to love the Dead  
    In the bright hues  
    That Spring renews,  
And fragrance that they cluster 'round their bed !  
But where upon *thy* waters can we read  
One single trace of the sepulchred Dead ;  
    A single line  
    The heart might make its shrine—  
The treasury of all on earth was dear,  
The joy—the hope—the smile—affection—tear.  
    Oh ! thine is a dreary waste  
    Where human eye ne'er traced  
One single mark of those for ever gone,  
E'en as the ancient dead o'er stagnant Acheron !  
    Where—where is their epitaph ?  
Hear it in the rattling thunder's laugh,  
    As, with shock and boom  
It bursts the chain of its caverned home,  
    Like the trump of Doom  
Crumbling the glassy portals of thy tomb !  
    Read it in the lightnings' glare  
    Over thy heaving bosom bare,  
    When from heaven they flash and fall,  
Like flickering torches at the burial—  
    This—this the epitaph *thou* writ'st for all,  
While Earth above *her* dead spreadeth her flowery pall !

Year upon year thine azure floor  
Was unwhitened by sail—unrippled by oar ;  
And the tempests kept  
Their wild dominion,  
And the sea-bird swept  
On his storm-beat pinion  
Round and away far off from the shore  
It had loved for its home and clung to before ;  
These were the lords upon thy crystal throne :—  
Till old Phœnice,  
Like the Argonaut  
Whose daring sought  
The golden fleece,  
Launched first upon thy waters, fearless and alone !  
Alone through unknown seas,  
Even to the Cassiterides,  
By night and by day  
She plied her venturous way,  
Sweeping around  
The ancient bound  
Where Hercules' unwearied hand  
Had piled his columns near Iberia's land ;  
Nor yet her daring sail had furled  
Until she saw old Baratanach's\* Western world !

\* The ancient name of Britain, signifying "The land of tin."

Thou bor'st upon thy mother-breast  
Columbus, when he sought the uncertain West,  
And, as he marked the line of sinking day,  
Deemed it was old Cathay,  
The golden Chersonese,

That El Dorado of the Indian Seas !

Oh ! strong the faith, thou mighty man ! that bore  
Thee o'er the trackless waves to India's shore ;  
And base the meed that kingly favor gave  
Thy lofty soul, thou Gideon of the wave !  
What ! had the wealth and chivalry of Spain  
No fitter gift for thee, than felon's chain ?  
Unawed thine eye ranged o'er the waves, thy hand  
Unlocked the long-barred portals of an unknown land ;  
Thou, like the ancient Patriarch who trod  
The Red Sea waters, parted by his God,  
Didst place thy trust, unwavering, in Him,  
And saw'st by faith, the land, though dark and dim ;  
Oh ! holy mother !—reverence to thee,

For that, to distant shores

Where the broad Atlantic pours

Her myriad waters, fetterless and free,

Thou led'st the way,

Thyself the glorious path,

To that bright, halcyon-day,

Where tyranny and wrath

Of kings and despots should for ever pass away

Before the dawn of Liberty !

Yes ! on the shores of thy far Western wave

Man hath disowned the shackles of the slave ;

And, as he sees thy giant-waters roll,

Feels Freedom's echo answer from his soul :—

“ Look on those waters of Eternity !

No kingly chain

E'er bound the main,

Man ! like it, be free !”

But scarce had Commerce spread her Virgin-sail

Ere thine azure brow grew pale ;

When war and proud ambition came

Like pestilential hurricane,

Kindling their desolating flame

That sent its charnel-light athwart the startled main ;

And thy waves that rolled

Their crests of gold

Free as the storms that rose and died,

Were now to feel

And hear the echo of groan and steel

Wake from their dreams eterne the slumbers of thy tide.

Impurpled with blood

Thou hast been of the brave,

E'en like the mountain-flood

That bore on its wave

Adonis' life-drops oozing from the wound ;  
While beneath and around  
Thy caverned deeps dread echo gave  
From the myriad-voiced wave,  
As it leaped and roared  
At the mighty word  
That Battle gave its phalanxed horde !

Oh ! fearful the cries thy tortured waves have sent  
Age upon age to the firmament,  
When first Ambition wove her chain  
For the free unmastered main

That never yet knew lord save the great hurricane.  
Yes, Greece' and Carthage's, Rome's—Persia's prow  
Have broken the glassy stillness of thy brow,  
And spear and falchion—tattered ensign—shield,  
Have writ War's blazonry upon thine azure field,  
While the eternal anthem of thy waves  
Hath been the only knell of Nation's graves,  
Bearing each brave, each good man's name on high  
To win the soldier's immortality !

There, where the waves Saronic kiss  
That glorious old isle, Salamis,  
At Mycalé, by sweet Ionia's shore,  
The Greek and Persian have  
Polluted thy bright wave  
With other streams than thine, even human gore—

Oh ! Ancient Mother, e'en for centuries past  
Man over thee Ambition's curse hath cast,  
And, 'sdaining earth, sought to subdue thy flood  
Where Freedom's tower hath for ages stood,  
Aye, beaten by tempest, by the lightning riven,  
But still her pinnacle erect to heaven.

Yet here proud man upon thy barren plain  
From East to West hath spread his wide domain,  
Passed with the sun ; nor doth Ambition rest  
Until her weary wing be folded in the West ;—  
There's not a wave of thine unstained by war  
From Grecian Salamis to Trafalgar !

'Tis morn—the sky is cloudless and serene,  
And Nature's smile is radiant as her face,  
While on thy liquid meadows of green

The waves they play

In the new-born ray,

Like nymphs unzoned in Ocean's wild embrace.

But see ! what glides along th' horizon's rim ?

Is it a cloud

Hanging its golden shroud

'Twixt sea and sky ?

No—no—it is a vessel—gallant—trim,

And 'round her the waves chaunt merrily,—

Glide on, thou creature of Life—oh ! glide—

O'er thee the tempest and cloud have no power ;  
Old Ocean claims thee for his beautiful bride,  
And scatters around thee his diamonds for dower ;  
Oh ! many the eyes that wept, as thy form  
Melted to nothingness far from the shore ;  
And the hearts that consigned thee to cloud and to storm,  
Were mingled with fears ye might meet never more ;  
Ride on—thou beautiful vision ! ride !  
Hushed be the storm, and smooth be the tide  
    That bears thee along  
    To the choral song  
Of wind and wave in musical throng—

A change hath come—for, lowering—black—  
    Hangs the wild heaven,  
    While floats the rack,  
Like volumed wreaths of bursting leven,  
When giants old in battailous array  
Marshallled the combat fierce in upper day.  
Oh ! what a change—the sky's ablaze,  
    As though the sun  
Had poured on this the light of a thousand days  
    From the depths of his burning throne ;—  
    And the thunders roll,  
    And the ocean it reels  
    As though from pole to pole  
God hurled his anger from the broken seals !



Still gloriously she rides the mighty wave ;  
The mistress—she, and it—the slave !

No strength can 'bide the conflict ;—fragile—vain  
As gossamer, she struggles with the main ;  
There's not a blast that whistles through her shrouds,  
There's not a flash that lights the fissured clouds,  
And not a wave upon her shattered side  
But leaves some fragment weltering on the tide ;—  
The lightnings pour  
Their red mantle 'round thee ;—oh ! never more  
Shalt thou, returning, hail the friendly shore ;—  
A moment more—her timbers part—she's gone—  
And ocean closes over her with hollow moan !

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## THE WOODS.

HAIL, old woods !—Primæval woods !

Nature's holy solitudes,  
From age to age, Religion's everlasting pile !  
Deep in your midst she's raised her vast abode,  
Her Temple roofed and arched by God,  
And solemnly lighted like cathedral-aisle—  
I never hear your clustered branches stirred

By the hushed anthem of the summer-wind,  
But call to mind  
The solemn hour Jehovah's voice was heard  
Passing from tree to tree,  
As glides the organ's grand solemnity,—  
Summer's bright blush from earth took instant flight,  
And Autumn threw around her yellow robe of blight !

Altar and Temple, both in one—all hail !  
The sun on ye, like incense, pours his light,  
And clouds, in passing, weave that holy veil,  
That screens your inmost shrine from mortal sight ;  
Ages have past ;—and human eyes  
Have closed in their eternal sleep ;  
Yet ne'er hath one beheld those mysteries,  
Like sacred rites, locked in your bosom deep ;—  
But, like the Ark of Cov'nant, that within  
Preserved the Record dark of human sin,  
The Law, the Manna, and the Rod,  
The proofs and miracles of Israel's God,  
Age upon age, *ye've* shut from mortal eye,  
The phantom-secrets that within ye lie !

Rend, Old Time ! the veil,  
And let the hoary past recount her solemn tale—  
Methinks I see the Druid move  
Beneath the broad and Patriarchal oak ;

His incantations mystic through the grove  
Re-echoing Rome's fierce battle-cry, that broke  
    Through Britain's unknown isle ;  
Aghast the Roman looked on the uncouth pile  
    That Superstition reared,  
    For nought to him appeared  
    Save stone in circle rude.  
Far—far from that unholy Solitude,  
    Fancy, upon her gilded track,  
    Wandered to Rome from Britain back,  
And viewed with lordly pride the hallowed shrine  
Great Rome had reared to Jove Capitoline !

Antiquity sits throned upon the Pyramid !  
Assyria, Egypt, Carthage, all are gone ;  
Time, in his watchful flight, hath closed his lid  
On nations, as they crumbled stone by stone,  
And temples, with their gods, have perished too,  
Their gods of wood and stone  
Gone like a drop of morning-dew  
That lingers on a leaf—the last—alone !  
Nation and Temple—all a shadowy pile,  
Like storied effigy in Cathedral-aisle,  
Where we vainly seek to trace  
The lineament of the buried face,  
Or the obliterated line  
Affection writes upon her mournful shrine ;—

Aye, in History's old and calcined page  
We read of the by-gone age,  
Of the king, and the battle, and sword,  
The Hero's death and the Patriot's word,  
Of nations subdued, and nations freed,  
While, mid the death-charge, heroes bleed,  
And young Ambition builds her throne  
Where Bondage utters her last groan ;  
Earth's deeds are writ by *human* hand ;—  
But *who* hath penned the history  
Of the countless ages that have swept *your* land ?  
Go—read it in the buried heaps that lie  
Of mouldered trunks, and leaves that fall,  
The bridal-robe of Nature and her pall !  
Nature herself hath penned the classic page,  
Each sapless leaf, a volume—Life's sad pilgrimage !

The Muse of Greece hath wandered ye among,  
Braiding your antique shrines with wreaths of song ;  
And old Mythology hath waved her wand  
Amid the silent depths of forest-land,  
And called her children round her, Fancy's fays,  
To sport their phantom-life through Summer's dreamy  
days—  
Dryads and Hamadryads both are yours,  
Gods of your bright and fadeless bowers ;—  
Gods, at whose shrine

The Greek, while he knelt,  
Knew that Spirit divine,  
Whose effluence can subdue and melt  
The heart, however hard and cold,  
E'en to the soft impress of Nature's kindly mould;  
Till forth Religion poured her holy streams  
Girding Creation as with sacred zone;  
On mountain—vale—where'r the Loxian's\* beams  
Fall—there her Spirit reared her golden throne;  
Nature from every stream gushed forth in song,  
And echo sought her gladness to prolong;  
All earth became Religion's bright abode,  
And mount and vale were vocal with their God!

We ask not History to reveal  
The ashy record of your buried prime,  
Nor grim Antiquity to set her seal  
Upon your glories spared to us by Time;  
Ye are your own Historians; and ye tell  
Where flashed the bolt that laid yon' giant low,  
What time the reeling lightning fell,  
Leaving its brand eternal on his hoary brow—  
We pause before the trunk—shrivelled and bare  
It lies, where it hath lain for ages past;  
Its fellows shroud it with their drooping hair,

\* "Apollo—Squint-eyed,"—The Greek denoting the ambiguity of his oracles.

Like battle-torn banners in the blast ;—  
The leaves—oh ! where are *they* ?  
Ye tread the soil  
Where old Decay  
Hath piled his autumn-spoil—  
In every trunk—in every leaf we trace  
Nature's own History,—Time cannot all efface.

How softly rests the sun upon ye now ;  
As though all Heaven were open to the view,  
And its bright Hierarchy showered below  
From 'neath their waving wings of golden hue  
All light, they borrowed from the Eternal throne,  
When veiled before their God they stand,  
Each casting down his burning zone,  
The fadeless starlight of that Better Land !  
Lo ! silence everywhere  
Pillowed on downy waves of sleeping air ;—  
Silence, such as swayed  
Creation, when God sent his Fiat forth  
Commanding Light to be, and Light was made,  
While guilty Darkness fled the face of Earth !  
Hail, holy Summer ! Sabbath of the skies !  
Flowers weave thy robe and Beauty holds thy train,  
Heaven tesselates thy path with fadeless dyes,  
And weaves thy chaplet bright of golden grain—

Thy locks are braided with the dew,  
And clasped thy zone with flowers of brightest hue !

What spirit moves within your holy shrine ?  
'Tis Spring—the year's young bride, that gladly pours  
Above—around—an effluence Divine  
Of light and life, falling in golden showers—  
And with her come the sportive nymphs in dance  
Like waves that gambol in the Summer's glance,  
Untwining bowers from their Winter's sleep,  
Unlocking rivers from their fountains deep,  
Tinting the leaf with verdure, that had lain  
Long-hid, like gold within the torpid grain,  
Chaunting her choral song, as Nature's eyes  
First greet the bridal of the earth and skies.

The Spring is past ;—and blushing Summer comes,  
Music and sunshine throng her scented way ;  
The birds send gladly from their bowered homes,  
Their pæan at the birth of flowery May !  
From close to shut of Day ; yes, far and near  
The spell of mystic music chains the ear ;  
All Nature, from her bosom pouring forth  
Sounds such as make a Temple of the earth,  
Returns in one full stream of harmony  
The angel-echoes that she hears on high—

Beautiful Summer ! fling thy crown of flowers  
O'er this dull earth through winter's weary hours ;  
Let them not fade—oh ! let not sere and blight  
Darken thy prism'd couch with shade of Night ;  
Let not thy music ever break its spell,  
Like heaven-bound pilgrim bidding earth " Farewell !"  
Oh ! silence not thy music,—let thy flowers  
Be earth's bright stars responding to the skies ;  
Wreathing her graves with those immortal bowers  
Thy rosy hand 'twined 'round the Dead in Paradise !

Oh ! not a vision here but it must pass  
Like our own image from Life's spectre-glass ,  
Summer is faded, and the Autumn sere  
Gathers the fallen leaves upon her bier,  
And, like the venom'd breath of the Simoom  
That turns Zahara's desert to a tomb,  
Breathes on the buried Summer's shrined abode,  
And leaves a spectre what she found—a God !  
'Tis thus, ye woods ! your melancholy tale  
Hath more of Truth than rose and lily pale,  
When the bright glories of the summer vie  
To make the earth a mirror of the sky.  
In Autumn's time-worn volume do we read  
The sacred moral—All things earthly fade ;  
And trace upon the page of every leaf  
That first and latest human lesson—grief !



But hark ! that dreary blast that rolls  
Like heart-wrung wailings of unburied souls,  
    'Tis the winter's breath  
    That comes from the land of Death  
Where the Arctic fetters the main ;  
    Like the lightning it darts  
    When its meteor parts  
And dissolves, like the cloud in rain ;  
    And now pale Winter cometh frore  
    From the dark North's drear and lifeless shore ;  
    And round his form, trembling and old,  
    Hangs his snow-robe in drifting fold,  
As that ye see on the mountain-height,  
Like Death asleep in the calm moonlight—  
His diadem gleams with the icicle bright,  
And his sceptre of ice to destroy and to smite ;  
Like a monarch he sweeps from the mount to the vale,  
In his chariot that glistens with hoar-frost and hail ;  
His palace the iceberg adorned with spars,  
Like a wandering heaven all fretted with stars.

Temples of eldest Nature, fare-ye-well !  
Cathedrals God-made ! ye whose incense streams,  
    Like Adoration's Soul  
At sound of matin or of vesper-bell,  
    When choiring harmonies roll  
    'Mid the organ's swell,

And Heaven reveals itself to Worship's dreams—  
Farewell ! ye Temples, pil'd and arch'd by Him  
Whose praise for aye shall echo 'mid your tracery dim,  
Not dark ; for while the Sun looks down,  
Image of God's fadeless crown,  
Or, while the holy Moon  
Lights up her cresset for the midnight-noon,  
Upon your shrines shall burn that holy ray,  
Earth's foretaste of a distant—endless day !  
Holy of Holies ! bar'd to Man, adieu !  
When Nature consecrates the heart—that heart's with  
You!

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## N A P O L E O N .

'TILL rose thy star we did but deem  
The ancient day a mythic story ;  
Ambition's self an idle dream  
Emblazoned by the hand of Glory !  
Vainly we trace the classic page,  
Of Greece and Rome, to find but one  
As gloriously that stamped his age,  
As thou, Napoleon, didst thine own ;  
And though thy reign be *Vision* now,  
The laurels still are fadeless on thy brow !  
Thou taught'st mankind to break the chain  
That bound the soul for ages long ;

“ The Right Divine ” of kings to reign,  
And lash, like beasts, the herdlike throng ;  
*Thy* Right Divine was that of Mind,  
The only Right that God e’er gave  
To conquer nations, or to bind  
With fetters down the willing slave ;  
Thy sword thy sceptre ; Mind thy throne ;  
Plebeian—Emperor—thou stand’st alone !

We rank thee not with kings by *birth*,  
Those craven wretches who have made  
A wilderness of God’s fair earth,  
And lust and tyranny a trade ;  
But with the mighty—men who build  
Their thrones in human hearts and minds—  
Thrones that, though shaken, never yield  
To Time’s dark, sweeping waves and winds ;  
A cloud may drive across the plains,  
The mountain disappear,—it *still* remains !

Successor of proud Charlemagne,  
Who wor’st the Lombard’s iron crown,  
Whose eagles over Europe’s plain  
Trampled her dotard monarchs down,  
Down to thy footstool ; thou wert born  
To harness nations to thy car,  
Make *gilded* majesty a scorn  
To one whose only Right was war—

Is it a dream, so quickly past,  
And is the star thou trustedst, set at last?

How oft doth History consecrate  
The imbecile—the kingly shade,  
With the vain—vaunting title—“Great;”  
Flattering where she should upbraid!  
But when she calls *thee* great, we know  
She flatters not, for there we see  
Graven upon thy kingly brow,  
The characters of majesty—  
Not crowns make kings, but God’s own hand  
Moulds mind and soul to conquer and command.

Bravely they fought at Marathon,  
And proudly too Themistocles  
Wore the bright trophies that he won  
As master of the Grecian seas;  
But these were solitary stars,  
That rose, and sank ere full in view,  
And not the undying blaze *thy* wars,  
From Arcola to Waterloo,  
Enkindled; making earth a pile,  
Monarchs thy captives, and a world thy spoil!

Vainly we give the title—“Great”  
To him of conquering Macedon;  
*Birth* gave him that *thou* didst create,  
*Inheriting* what thou hast won—

Kingdom and host thou calledst forth,  
And, like the fable that we read,  
Thou stamp'dst thine iron foot to earth  
And armies rose beneath thy tread—  
Creator ! oh, couldst thou not save  
One little fragment from thy kingdom's grave ?

What ! of an empire vast that knew  
No bounds save those Ambition gave,  
That spread where'er her eagles flew  
From Spain even to Egypt's wave,  
Is there not one, but one of all  
Wrought by thy monumental mind,  
That, like the sun, or ere he fall,  
Might leave some trace of light behind ?  
Oh ! mockery, to think of Fame,  
When only mould'ring Memory holds *thy* name ?

It was thy pride t'have raised amid  
The Desert of the World, a throne  
Might have outlived the Pyramid,  
And laughed to scorn proud Babylon ;—  
But these remain, and where art thou ?  
Aye there, upon that rocky isle,  
A crown of dust upon thy brow,  
And Nations for thy funeral-pile !  
Sun of Battle—Conqueror—King !  
Shall *Matter* last, and *Mind* for aye take wing ?

Where'er thy banners were unfurled,  
Wherever charged thy battled might,  
Thine eagles seemed to grasp a world  
And image, in their meteor-flight,  
The mighty mind whose soarings lent  
Them wings to shadow earth and heaven,  
What time the darkened firmament  
Reeled to the shock of battle's leven,  
Shrouding in gloom, all stars, save one,  
Thy Star of Destiny—Napoleon !

Old History, as she looks adown  
The crumbling heights of human Glory,  
Chaunting o'er sceptre and o'er crown  
Her Requiem sad—"Memento Mori !"  
Writing in characters of Dust  
The Chief of many a battle-field,  
Letting his sword inglorious rust,  
The sceptre, falchion, and the shield,  
Hangs *thine* within her armory  
Bright emblems of a name can never die !













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